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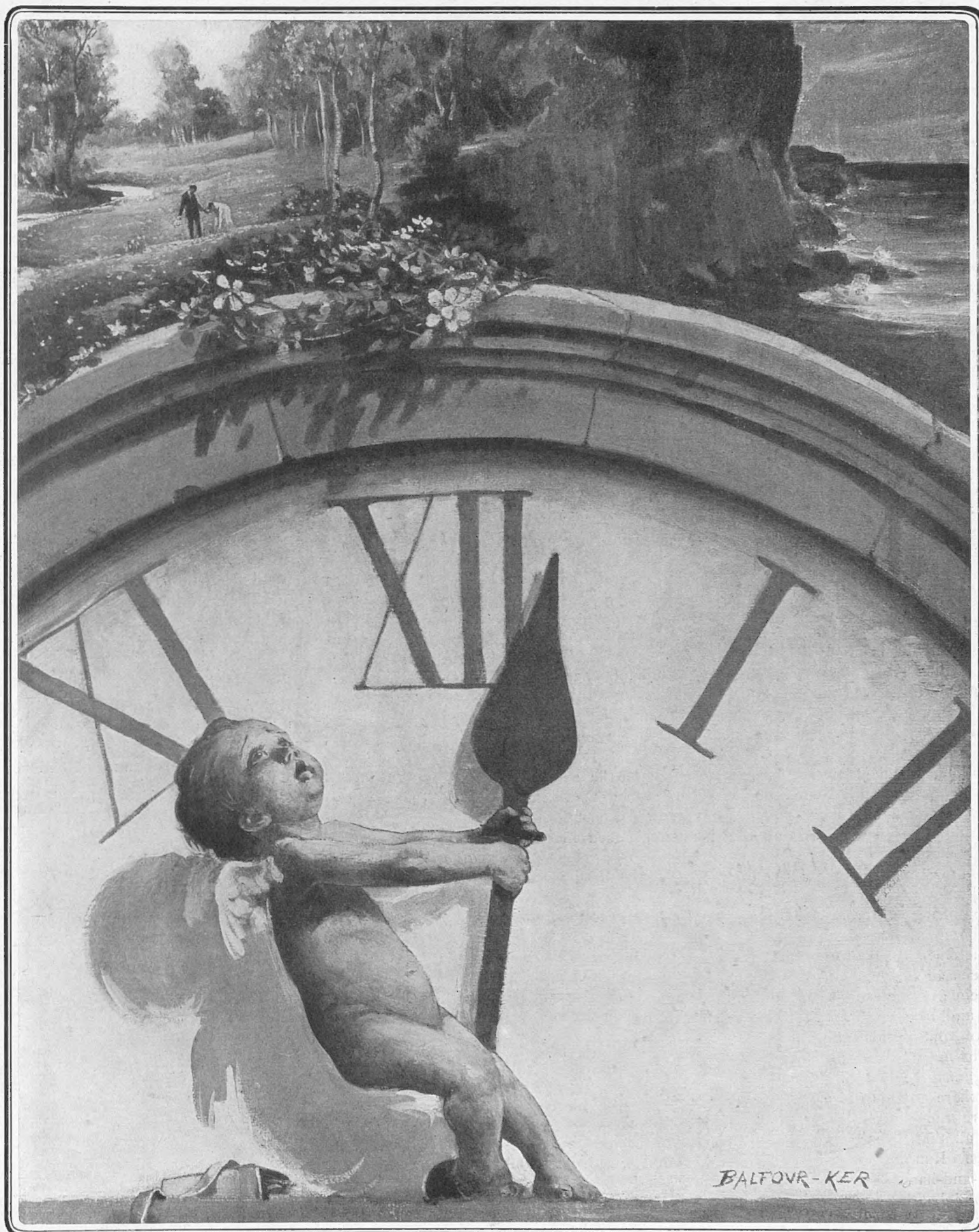
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No. 936.—Vol. LXXII.

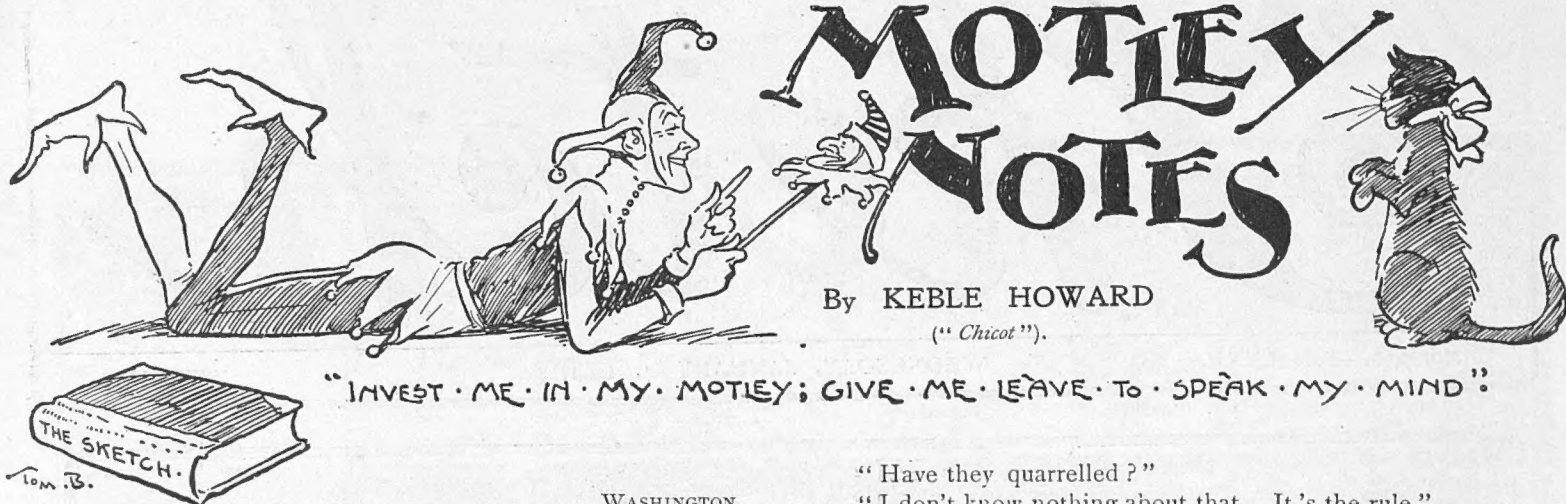
WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



LOVE HOLDS BACK THE CLOCK—WOULD THAT HE COULD ARREST THE FLEETING YEARS!

DRAWN BY BALFOUR-KER.



"I DON'T think I shall go to Washington," I said carelessly. The elderly lady of great wealth and importance to whom I was speaking became gradually rigid. The look of friendliness in her eyes gave place to an expression of steely loathing; her mouth hardened, her shoulders squared, the blood receded from the nails of her clasped hands.

"You don't think you will go to Washington?" she repeated, in tones horrible to hear.

"Well," I stammered, with an idiotic attempt at an easy smile that would certainly have made the elderly lady ill had she not been so indignant, "why should I?"

"Why should you? You ask me—ME—why you should go to Washington! In the first place, do you know that my home is in Washington? Do you know that my husband holds a very responsible position there? Do you know that I was born there, that my father was born there, that my grandfather was born there? Above all, are you not aware that Washington is our capital, the seat of our government, the very heart of this great country? And yet, forsooth, you will not go to Washington!"

"Yes, yes, I will!" I cried.

Let me now ease my conscience with a confession—a confession that I would never have dared to make to the elderly lady of great wealth and importance. I had forgotten that Washington was the capital. I am not quite sure, but I believe I had even forgotten that the President had his official residence at Washington. That is what five weeks in New York may do for a man, to say nothing of a side-trip to Boston and a football match at Harvard.

Anyway, I went to Washington. I travelled by one of the strictest trains in the Union. I have never encountered a railway system so completely supplied with rules.

"You mustn't smoke there," said the conductor, chasing me from a platform between two cars.

"Where may I smoke?"

"Guess you'll find a smoking-compartment further up the train."

Thanking him courteously, I went in search of the smoking-compartment. Presently I unearthed a kind of cupboard with three basins and two chairs in it. Sinking gratefully into a chair, I took out my cigarette-case. My friend the conductor poked his head round the curtain.

"You mustn't smoke there," he said.

"Why not?"

"Too near the dining-car."

"Where may I smoke?"

"Guess you'll have to go further up the train."

He chased me from car to car. The excitement of the hunt and the violence of the exercise made me very thirsty. I found a bell, rang it, and ordered a drink. The black rascal grinned.

"No drink on this train, Sir."

"Why not?"

"Against the law, Sir."

"Is there anything else I mayn't do?"

He retired—hurt.

For all that, I discovered that I was not yet through with prohibitions. Running my eye down the list of foods, I decided on chicken-and-ham. The dining-car steward shook his head.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "More rules! Why in the world can't I have chicken and ham? You've got chicken, and you've got ham. Bring me a little of each."

"Can't be done. You can have chicken, or you can have ham, but we don't serve chicken and ham together."

"Have they quarrelled?"

"I don't know nothing about that. It's the rule."

Here, of course, was the answer. The Americans are a great and a free people; but their passion for making rules needs checking. They will end, if they are not careful, by self-strangulation.

Anyway, Washington, where they make all the big rules, is a very beautiful city. You would never suppose it was put to so horrid a purpose. The streets are majestic in their width, the buildings pure white and of impressive grandeur. The most desirable residence in the city is the White House, at present inhabited by Mr. Taft. It makes no attempt to look like a palace. It is just a charming home standing quietly amid green lawns, with Pauline Wayne in the foreground.

You have heard, I make no doubt, of Pauline Wayne. She is one of the most intimate friends of the President and his family. They cherish her very dearly, not only for her beauty, but also for her kindly and unselfish help. Pauline, for all that, retains her simple modesty. There is not the slightest touch of snobbishness about her. A true Republican, she mingles freely with the citizens and visitors, giving them her polite attention but never embarrassing them by staring rudely. Pauline Wayne is the private Presidential cow.

I stayed at a very nice hotel in Washington. I paid only five and a half dollars per night for my room, which, they tell me, is about twenty-three shillings. This is astonishingly cheap, when you come to consider the cost of light and air. I asked the genial gentleman at the desk how on earth they managed to do it for the money, but he was not, I am sorry to say, in a conversational mood. I shall be pleased to furnish the name of this hotel to any reader who is bound for Washington. You will probably decide to live there.

PHILADELPHIA.

I broke the return journey to New York by "stopping off" at Philadelphia. The amazing thing about these American cities is their size. You expect a country town, and you find yourself in a place as big as Manchester or Birmingham. You expect somewhat primitive streets, and you find colossal buildings and a network of tramlines. The railway-stations at Washington and Philadelphia are small cities in themselves. The entrance-halls alone are as big as St. Margaret's, Westminster.

Hence, I presume, the formation of the Travellers' Aid Society. In the dépot at Philadelphia I came across this notice—

The Agent of the

TRAVELLERS' AID SOCIETY

Will be Found in this Station wearing

This Badge—



For the Assistance of Strangers.

"Good," said I, and proceeded to look for him. I met him by the bookstall, and introduced myself. He asked me, very kindly, what he could do for me.

"I am in a serious difficulty," I said. "Owing to one of your delightfully interesting rules, I am nearly dead for lack of refreshment. But the English never take anything of this sort alone. If you will be good enough to join me, you will probably save a valuable life."

The worthy fellow presently consented. A great Society.

THE NEW BIRD: A STARTLING DISCOVERY.



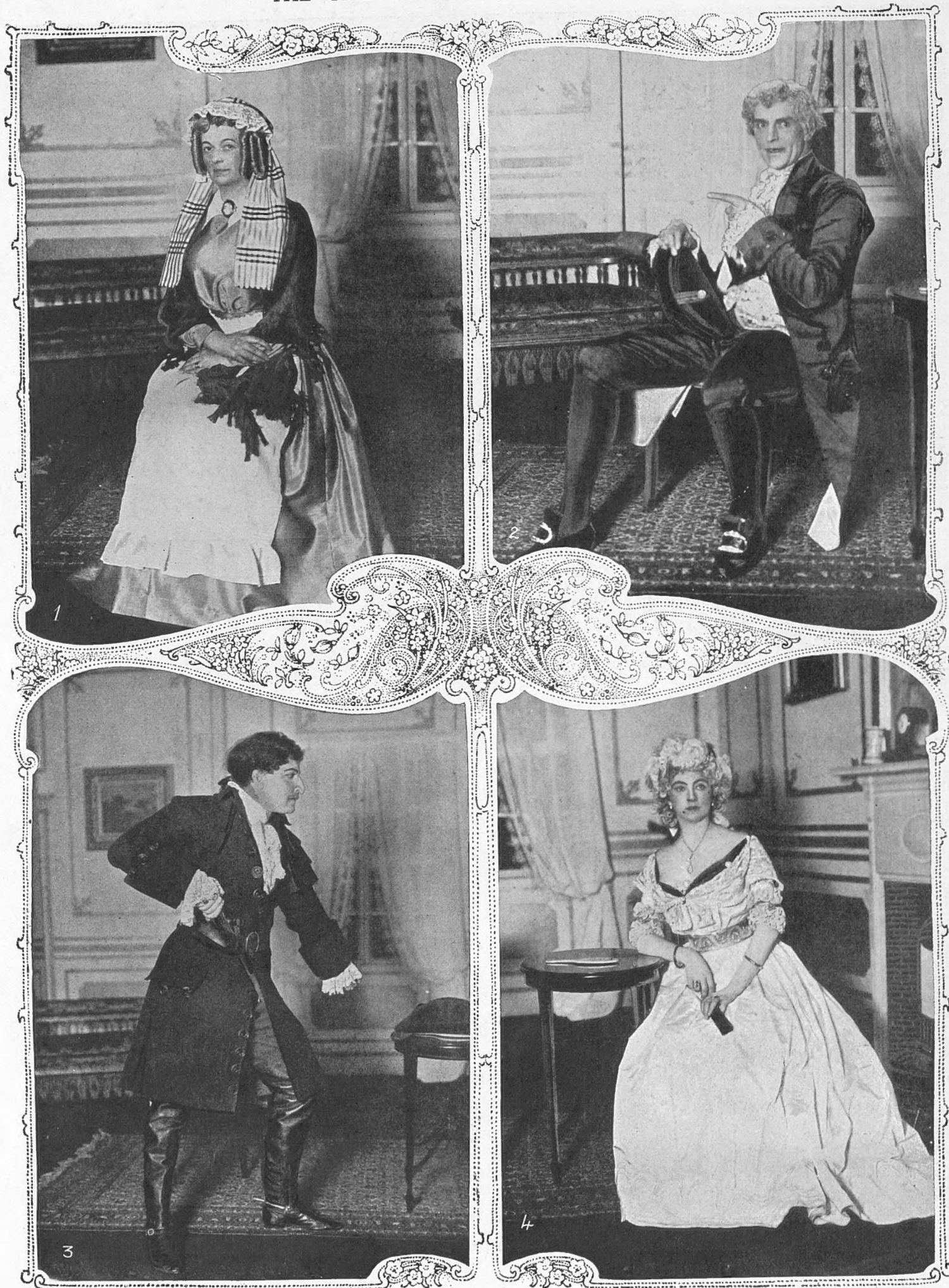
FOUND BY THE "STAR": AN ADULT OKAPI BIRD.

In a recent issue, the "Star," writing of African birds and of the okapi, which, our readers will remember, is akin to the zebra and the horse, said: "The great achievement of Lieutenant Alexander's ornithological journeys was the capture of an adult okapi. This interesting new bird, after being hunted for many days, was shot in a forest near Lake Chad." We understand that the following notes about our contemporary's find are authentic. "The okapi bird, which is of the Strigidae family, is perhaps better known as the 'Piper.' Its plumage is white, freely dotted with black. Its head-lines are markedly fine. Of regular habits, it is to be seen leaving its haunts several times a day, notably at 6.30 at night, when it is hailed by the natives with every sign of reverence and joy. Pie is its chief food. It has a peculiar double call, which, beginning with a sound that resembles the cutting of stone, ends with 'Coe-Coe.' It is a friendly bird, but cannot find it in its heart to live in agreement with the enews of the neighbouring forests."

(With all apologies to the "Star.") Composite Photograph and Drawing by "The Sketch."

THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER IN "THE KISS."

THE THEATRICALS AT EATON HALL.



1. MRS. FITZPATRICK AS MRS. BUDGEN.

3. MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS WEST AS THE STRANGER.

2. MR. NORMAN FORBES-ROBERTSON AS MR. WHARTON.

4. THE DUCHESS OF WESTMINSTER AS MISTRESS CHALMERS.

The Duchess of Westminster gave a theatrical entertainment at Eaton Hall last week in aid of the Royal Alexandra Hospital, Rhyl. The function began with a variety entertainment. An excellent presentation of "George Paston's" comedy "The Kiss" followed. The scene of this is laid in Bath: the period is that of the Georges. The Duchess was much applauded for her rendering of the chief role, Mrs. Chalmers.—[Photographs by T. Chidley.

THE ENGAGEMENT OF MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL'S ONLY DAUGHTER.



MISS STELLA PATRICK CAMPBELL AND MR. MERVYN WORCESTER HOWARD BEECH,
WHOSE ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED.

The most interesting announcement is made that Miss Stella Patrick Campbell, only daughter of Mrs. Patrick Campbell, is engaged to marry Mr. Mervyn Worcester Howard Beech, eldest son of the Rev. Howard and Mrs. Beech, of Great Bealings, Suffolk, and that the wedding will take place at Nairobi, East Africa, in June next. Miss Campbell, who, it will be recalled, made her first appearance on the stage at Terry's Theatre nearly four years ago, and has since appeared with her mother on two provincial tours, and in the United States, as well as at the St. James's (where she was seen, for instance, as Helen in "The Thunderbolt") and at His Majesty's (where she played Molly in "Pinkie and the Fairies") is now playing the Princess Clementina in the play of that name at the Queen's. Three of the photographs on this page show her in that part.—[Photographs by Lallie Charles and Adolphus Tear.]

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The Relief of Chitral. Captain G. J. and
Colonel Sir Francis Younghusband. 1s. net.
Leaves from the Note Books of Lady
Dorothy Nevill. Ralph Nevill. 7s. net.
H.M.I. Passages in the Life of an
Inspector of Schools. E. M. Sneyd-
Kynnersley. 7s. net.
At Last: A Christmas in the West
Indies. Charles Kingsley. 7s. net.
Alcohol and the Human Body. Horsley
and Stayl. 7s. net.
Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny.
William Forbes Mitchell. 7s. net.
Barracks, Bivouacs, and Battles. Archi-
bald Forbes. 7s. net.
North Italian Folk. Mrs. Comyns Carr.
7s. net.
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J. BALL.
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MILLS AND BOON

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Dorington. 6s.
Down Our Street. J. E. Huckle. 6s.

"ASTRAY IN ARCADY."

ARCADY, according to Mrs. Charlotte Poole's letters—Mrs. Mann's book, "Astray in Arcady" (Methuen), is written in letter form—is inhabited by Flora, Fauna, and—Pigs. For when the widowed lady novelist sought a refuge from the memories of Harley Street in the Dulditch of Arcady, she scarcely achieved one desirable or even decent acquaintance. On the other hand, she made some highly and offensively disagreeable ones. The incredibly snobbish, ill-bred Hobbleboys (Haut-du-Bois), who were Squire and Squires, the fatuous, smug parson and his sour sister, a "Major," rude and pretentious, and a group of slatternly, or dishonest, or boorish peasants, are not atoned for by old-world gardens or moors clothed with cloth-of-gold. About half of the letters are addressed to a lady by the pretty name of Hildred. Hildred, too, is a widow, but young and still eligible, as Mrs. Poole thinks, for her only son—tea-planting in Ceylon. A visit from Hildred transfers the correspondence to George in Ceylon, and the fond mother endeavours to bring about an understanding between them by letters full of Hildred and the faint praise of her that damns. She is so feminine in her preachings and practices that suspicion awakes long before the last letter of her perfect good faith. Intended as relentless satire, the study of her mind through her letters to these two might be an interesting question sociologically, but in view of her constant pettiness and her not infrequent malice, it could never be an exhilarating one. Hildred, who conveys a very pleasing impression, would certainly have found her friend difficult once transformed into a mother-in-law. However, she married instead, as Mrs. Poole duly recounts to her son, a "curate-youth without money or position, or even man's estate—for he is years younger than she." On the whole, it is a relief to find the sojourn terminated by a return to town. Harley Street, or even the adjacent slums of Marylebone, might easily smell sweeter of Arcady than does Dulditch.

With each issue "The Literary Year-Book" (Routledge) becomes more useful, and, indeed, indispensable to all who are concerned in the making of books and periodicals, whether on the literary side or the commercial. The edition for 1911—the fifteenth annual volume—contains some useful additions and improvements of arrangement. A new section of Training Offices and Institutions has been added, and also a list of Pen-names and Pseudonyms. The editor, Mr. Basil Stewart, discusses the literary events and tendencies of the past year in an interesting preface. The comprehensive directories of authors, publishers, agents, booksellers, periodicals, libraries, and societies, etc., together with the useful chapters on Law and Letters, and the list of cheap reprints, render "The Literary Year-Book" an invaluable companion to everyone interested in literature and journalism.

Society's directory of fashionable London—"The Royal Blue Book"—follows the familiar lines of its predecessors in the first half-yearly volume for 1911 (the 178th) just issued. As is well known, this invaluable social guide gives the names and addresses of the better class of private residents in the West End and surrounding districts. The area it covers is bounded, roughly, by Hampstead on the north, the Chelsea reaches of the Thames on the south, Finsbury Circus on the east, and Hammersmith on the west. The "Blue Book" is published twice annually, at Christmas and in the spring, by Kelly's Directories, Ltd., 182-184, High Holborn.

SPECIAL NOTE TO CONTRIBUTORS TO "THE SKETCH."

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor of "The Sketch," and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders, but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent to him.

Every contribution submitted to "The Sketch" should bear the full name and address of the sender legibly written. In the case of batches of photographs and drawings, the name and address should be written on each photograph or drawing.

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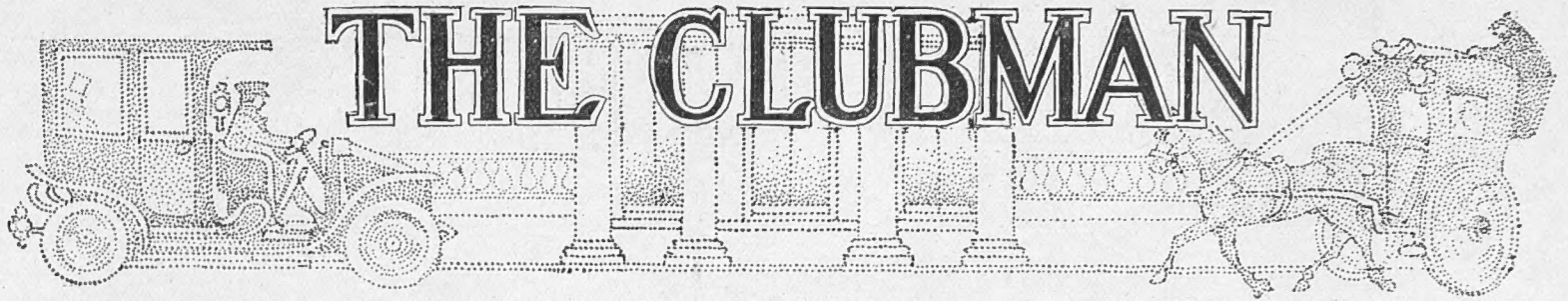
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Revolvers for the Police.

The question whether our police should or should not carry revolvers may quite well be left for the decision of the higher officers of that service. There are revolvers available at the police stations, and any officer going on a specially dangerous duty can carry one if he chooses. I remember that in the case of the tramcar which was boarded by ruffians trying to make their escape, and sent at full pace along the lines, the pursuing police took revolvers with them. No doubt, had they wished to do so, the officers who went to arrest the Houndsditch burglars could have gone armed. Many men, however, who have seen a good deal of rough fighting work, do not believe in the revolver as a good arm for men who have to get to close quarters with their adversaries. A well-known officer in the Guards, who went through all the fighting in the Crimea carrying only a stout blackthorn stick, said that he did so because at close quarters it was a far better weapon than either a sword or a pistol. How inefficient a pistol can be when the man firing it is not quite cool and collected was proved the other day, when a ruffian trying to escape fired five times at short distance at a police officer, and missed him every time. All the police of great Continental cities carry revolvers, and the New York police carry both revolvers and truncheons. The New York policeman, however, invariably trusts to his baton, and not to his revolver, if he finds himself in danger.

Revolver Shooting.

If our police are to carry revolvers, they will have to give quite a considerable portion of their time to practise with that arm at the butts or in shooting-galleries, for a revolver is a difficult weapon with which to shoot accurately. Even the practised shot, firing with a long-barrelled pistol and resting it on the left arm for steadiness, does not make, as a rule, very accurate shooting even at something quite stationary and not in a position to fire back at him. I have seen quite good shots shooting in the officers' Army competition who, being required to walk quickly up to the point from which they fired, splashed their bullets all about the target, being unsteadied by the slight exertion they had gone through. How much less would a police officer, after a rush up a road and the excitement of battering in a door, be able to take accurate aim! In the old duelling days, when every gentleman practised diligently with pistols, it was astonishing how often the adversaries at short distance missed each other and how often honour was declared satisfied without either of the men being wounded. It may be taken for granted that the police know their own business best, and that if it would add to the safety of themselves and the public that they should carry revolvers, revolvers would be at once supplied to them, instead of being kept in the station armouries.

Regimental Pets.

The little Himalayan bear belonging to the King's Royal Rifles has followed the example of many other regimental pets in feeling discontent as to its lot, and attempting to move in a wider sphere. It will probably go, as so many other regimental pets have gone, to the "Zoo," and will be

thrown into transports of delight there when any of its old friends in uniform come to see it. I have known regiments to adopt as pets all kinds of wild animals, and even to bring some of them on to parade on great occasions; but there generally comes a time when the longing for wild life breaks out in the animal and it becomes unsuitable to barrack life. So far as I can remember, the goats of the battalions of the Welsh Fusiliers and the Welsh regiments are the only regimental pets which are officially recognised to the extent that transport is provided for them when any of their

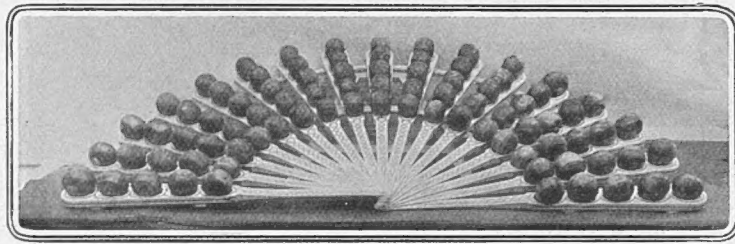
battalions cross the sea. Several regiments have deer as pets, and I remember a time when the regiment in which I served was proud of a fine buck which marched with the drums. But that buck, when not on military duty, used to amuse itself by knocking down any children who crossed the barrack-yard, and it became a moot question whether the regimental pet would meet a more honourable fate by becoming venison for the officers' mess or by being exiled to some park. As I do not remember to have met the pet on the dinner-table, no doubt its fate was exile.

A Tiger Pet.

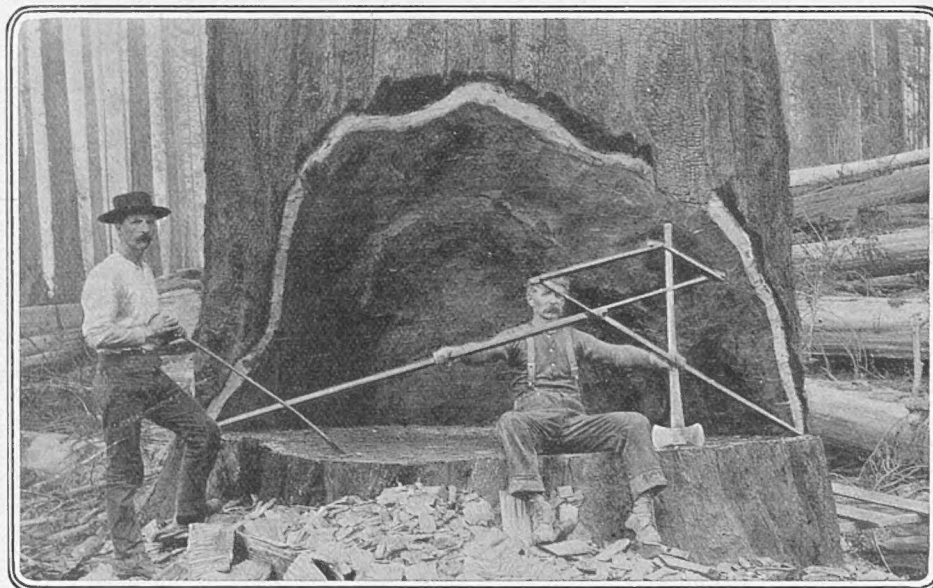
There is an old military story concerning a young officer who spent a night with the pet of a cavalry regiment, which I do not think I have told before in these columns. It was in the old hard-drinking days, and a cavalry regiment just back from the East had brought with them a tiger cub too small to be as yet dangerous. When it became too large to be a plaything any longer a collar was put round its neck and it was chained up at the foot of a flight of stairs leading to the officers' mess, with a great barrel as its sleeping-quarters. A young officer, a guest at the mess, had partaken one winter night so freely of the regimental port that he had forgotten the existence of the tiger cub, if he knew of it, and had also lost control over his legs. He slipped quietly but unsteadily out of the mess-room into the open air. He tried to go down the steps, but slid down them. Moving on his hands and knees, he found himself opposite a dark opening where there was plenty of warm straw, and, crawling in, he slept the sleep of the bibulous. Next morning at reveille a fatigue-party found the regimental guest and the tiger clasping each other in perfect friendliness, both being fast asleep. The tiger went to a "Zoo." Of course, the right conclusion to the story, so far as the officer was concerned, should be that he forswore spirituous liquors, especially old port, for ever afterwards. But that is a matter as to which I have no precise information.

Jaipur, the Rajput State, appears to keep a special supply of tigers, which always

appear at the right moment in the right place whenever a guest of great importance visits the State. The German Crown Prince has shot a tiger exactly at the spot where several other illustrious sportsmen have previously also bagged a fine beast. Of course, it would be unkind to suggest that these tigers are "bagmen," but I have no doubt they are carefully shepherded and fed ready for royal battues.



EVE'S FAVOURITE FRUIT AS HER FAVOURITE WEAPON: A FAN OF APPLES.



"SIGHTING" TO MAKE A GIANT'S TUMBLE SAFE: DETERMINING THE PRECISE DIRECTION IN WHICH A GREAT TREE WILL FALL.

With the aid of the apparatus shown, the wood-cutter of the forests of sequoias judges in what direction a tree that is being felled will fall.

CUFF COMMENTS

WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

JUDGE BACON has a deadly aim. In reply to a man who said in Bloomsbury County Court that he should be pleased to pay, the Judge retorted, "Nonsense! No one likes to pay money." Even Shakespeare could not have knocked the pipe out of Aunt Sally's mouth with greater accuracy.

Up-to-date Parisiennes who go shooting now wear a jacket made of tiger-skin, a short skirt, high laced boots, and a smart velvet turban with an aigrette. And they think themselves lucky if they come home with a bag of one cock-sparrow.

Mr. Brock's statue of Sir Henry Irving does not satisfy the tailors as regards the coat. That is all very well; but the average tailor makes such a hash of a coat when he cuts it out

of soft stuff that it is difficult to believe he could make a better job of it if he had to cut it out of iron or stone.

When a man takes a girl to dinner or the theatre, should she pay her own shot?—is the question now agitating many circles. Why, certainly, if woman is the equal of man.

THE PASSING OF THE GHOST.

(Less and less do we hear about the old-fashioned ghost in the Christmas Numbers and winter holiday literature.)

The wild wind howled in the Donjon Keep,
The lightning flashed and flared,
Even the warder forgot to sleep,
And the butler's self was scared.
But the ghosts rejoiced at the stormy night,
And gleefully rattled their bones,
While the grim and gruly ancestral sprite
Addressed them in hollow tones.

"Brothers," he said, and he shook his chain,
"We're going from bad to worse:
The modern sceptic we haunt in vain—
He laughs at the family curse.
A ghost can't walk by electric light,
That terrible exorcist,
So I've made up my mind to retire to-night
On the Old Age Pension list!"

Romping in "Kitchen Lancers" has been responsible for many fractured maidens this winter. The introduction of the methods of Westminster Palace Yard into private ball-rooms cannot be too severely reprehended.

"Don't count sheep if you are sleepless; dance a hornpipe, whistle and sing like mad for ten minutes before going to bed." Wanted: A suitable inscription for the tombstone of the man who took this advice.

A Hungarian solicitor has been challenged to fight one hundred and twenty-two duels for going to a ball in brown boots. He should be able to make a fine bill of costs out of these sportsmen for "attending" and "taking instructions."

The discussion which has been going on as to what is the hardest bird to hit is very futile. There is no doubt at all about the matter. Everyone knows that the oof-bird is the hardest of all to bring down.

If you read in your morning paper that the hobble skirt is dead, and then go out into the street and see several examples of it struggling with the mud, please remember it is because the really nice, good, economical girls are trying to wear out last year's frocks before the merry springtime comes.

Legal complications are threatened over the fortune which Mrs. Eddy left. There is always the consolation of knowing that, if the Christian Scientists do break one another's heads while settling the matter, they will be perfectly aware that they are only imagining themselves to be hurt.

"Football for Puddings," says a headline. Good heavens! What will these athletes eat next?

THE DINNER THAT FAILED.

(The man who intends to "enjoy" his Christmas fare may do so without bad after-effects if he will only go into training, and overeat himself a little more each day until the 25th.—*Daily Mirror*.)

Master Percy Popkins was a very greedy boy, Who anticipated Christmas with a gourmandising joy; He read his *Daily Mirror* and he read his *Daily Mail*, And they told him of a system which is never known to fail.

He put himself in training in the scientific way, By eating larger quantities on each succeeding day, Not only more, but richer, food was hurtled down his maw,

And at intervals on marrow-bones he exercised his jaw. His appetite grew steadily, and he himself grew stout, On several occasions his waistband was let out, And his parents, though they humoured him, declared that Percy must

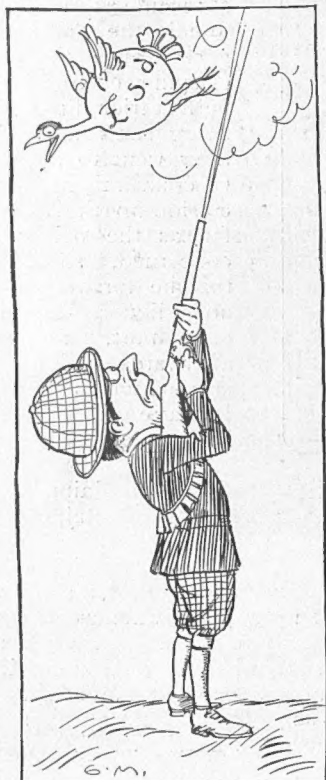
(In vulgar phraseology) inevitably bust.

By Christmas Eve he trained himself into the perfect state: But it grieves me very sorely, I assure you, to relate That when last Christmas morning dawned, poor Percy was in bed, With a pain like twenty toothaches—but it wasn't in his head.

The "Zoo," it is announced, has bought a couple of devils. For a learned body, this is setting a pernicious example to the youngsters in the purchase of toys.

It is impossible to get away from that banana-skin joke. Here is a passenger who has been awarded £500 damages for having performed on a skin against his will. When facts do try to be humorous they are usually a little late about it.

The Acting Cure is the latest recipe for Eternal Youth. All you have to do is to throw yourself into some character as unlike your real self as possible for fifteen minutes every day. The proof of its efficacy is that no one has yet succeeded in killing an amateur Hamlet.



A BOY; A GIRL; AND A BIRD: PLAYERS IN PANTOMIME.



1. MISS VENIE CLEMENTS AS ROBIN HOOD IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE. | 2. MISS CHRISTINE HELGA DANCING IN "THE CHICKS IN THE WOOD," AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME. | 3. MISS IRIS HOEY AS CINDERELLA IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE LYCEUM.

4. IN HER GLASS COACH: MISS IRIS HOEY AS CINDERELLA ON HER WAY TO THE BALL, AT THE LYCEUM.

The cast of "The Babes in the Wood," at the Crystal Palace, includes Miss Venie Clements as Robin Hood, Miss Lucie Caine as Maid Marion, Little Peggy McDonnell and Little Cissy Wyse as the Babes, Mr. Charles Fisher as the Wicked Uncle, Dandy Dan as the Governess, and Messrs. Kenny Kay and Tommy Way as the Two Robbers.—"Chicks in the Wood," at the London Hippodrome, is "The Babes in the Wood," with all the characters as birds.—The Prince to Miss Iris Hoe's Cinderella at the Lyceum is Miss Jane Eyre; others in the important cast are Messrs. Foreman and Fannan, Miss Simeta Marsden, Mr. Harry Weldon, Mr. Scott Barrie, and Miss Marjory Carpenter.

Photograph of Miss Helga by Campbell-Gray.

SMALL TALK

LORD Willoughby de Eresby, who succeeds to the Ancaster peerage, is one of the few members returned at the Elections who will not sit in the new Parliament unless, when next he goes to Westminster, he is careless in marking the door by which he enters. His natural trend would be towards the Commons, among whom he has sat for many years. If he does make his way into the wrong House he will not be the first Peer to make that mistake. A gentleman once entered the Commons and took his seat on the Treasury Bench, oblivious of the doorkeeper's wild gesticulations. The situation was explained to him when he asked his astonished neighbour if a gentleman seated opposite was Lord Salisbury. The strayed one was Lord St. John of Bletsoe, and he was there only because he did not know one House from another.

Another American Countess. The new Lord Willoughby de Eresby is half an American, for the new Countess of Ancaster is wholly one. She was Miss Eloise Breese, of New York, before her marriage in 1905. The honorary title



MR. H. BOWERS AND MISS HILDA ALICE STAPLETON, WHOSE MARRIAGE IS TO TAKE PLACE THIS MONTH.

Mr. Bowers is the youngest son of Lieut.-Colonel Bowers, of Beeston Grange, Sandy, Bedfordshire. Miss Stapleton is the youngest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Stapleton and Mrs. Stapleton, of Greys Court, Henley-on-Thames.

Photographs by Lafayette.



candidates is a feature of electioneering to which no space is accorded in the papers; but it is a weakness to be reckoned with by all those who go into the fight. Lord Wimborne himself is too seriously ill to be concerned in any way with the contests into which his wife, a true Churchill, flings herself with an impetuosity which leaves her, metaphorically speaking, a bundle of bruises.

Lucky Sir Hedworth. Sir Hedworth and Lady Lambton were

staying with Lord Cadogan when the terms of Lady Meux's will were published. These were sufficiently interesting from a family point of view to vie with the most dazzling family Christmas-tree. To add Meux to the plain-sailing name of Lambton is almost as momentous an undertaking as to add half-a-million or so to a banking-account; and many other interesting details of the disposal of Lady Meux's property, from Temple Bar to a lovely Whistler portrait or two, have been under discussion. Lady Lambton has lived an eventful year, in which gladness and sadness have jostled on her paths. The death of her son, Viscount Chelsea, her marriage to Sir Hedworth, and now the



MISS VIOLET BALDWIN, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN W. H. DICKINSON.

Miss Baldwin is the second daughter of Mr. H. S. Baldwin, of Ashberry House, Warwick.

Photograph by Swaine.



CAPTAIN W. H. DICKINSON, WHO IS ENGAGED TO MISS VIOLET BALDWIN.

Captain Dickinson, M.B., Ch.B., I.M.S., holds the position of Chemical Analyst to the Government, Bombay.

Photograph by Swaine.



MR. F. A. P. SYLVESTER, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE AT THE END OF DECEMBER.

Mr. F. A. P. Sylvester, of Lemington, Wiltshire, is the only son of Mr. F. Sylvester, of Castle House, Trowbridge.

Photograph by Lafayette.



MRS. F. A. P. SYLVESTER, WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE AT THE END OF DECEMBER.

Mrs. Sylvester was Miss Mary Winifred Richardson. She is the only daughter of Mr. John Richardson, of Bath.

Photograph by Lafayette.

that now passes to her son will be six hundred years old in 1913, the first Baron Willoughby de Eresby having been a soldier of Edward I. The change from Grimsthorpe to Normanton Park (if it is made) will mean no more than crossing the boundary between one estate and another, for although the two houses are sixteen miles apart, their grounds adjoin. The new Countess of Ancaster's mother married, as her second husband, Mr. Henry Vincent Higgins, who has been a successful organiser of the Carlton, the Ritz, the Royal Opera, and many diverse institutions. He inherits, moreover, fine qualities from a father who gave to Du Maurier the type of the men of fashion of towering stature who figured so largely in old *Punch* drawings.

Lady Wimborne. The return of two of her sons to Parliament has put Lady Wimborne into political good spirits. But the toils and anxieties of a fight tell even on the victors, and, like a conqueror who is dead-beat, she retired to her tent and her bed once the polls were declared. The breakdown of nerves on the part of the mothers and wives of



TO BE MARRIED TO-DAY (4TH): MISS MARION STIRLING AND CAPTAIN E. J. BRODIE, OF LETHEN.

Miss Stirling is a daughter of Major Stirling, of Fairburn, Muir of Ord, Scotland.

Photographs by Lillie Charles and F. C. Macmahon.



plan of yet another change of name, have meant that, while she is no longer the mother of the heir to one of the greatest of English Earldoms, she has become the wife of one of the most prosperous of commoners.

Pshaw!

The least convincing item in Mr. Bernard Shaw's amusing forecast of the results of a referendum in England is "The Burning of Bernard Shaw." Would the nation have an opinion, for or against, his execution? Would the masses care a hang—to see him hanged? Perhaps Mr. Bernard Shaw has made his too-sweeping deduction from the homicidal mania he provokes in the bosoms of the few. It is quite true that he has not seldom been told that he is a malign force, only fit to be suppressed. Long ago one observer, no mean judge of men and books, said of him that he was a dangerous and clever man, and added, "I would give him his favourite vegetables the night before, and execute him early in the morning." Since Mr. Shaw takes a kindly interest in the subject, he may care to know that his early critic was W. E. Henley!

THE ARTIST DAUGHTER OF AN A.R.A.:

"IMPRESSIONS" BY MISS PHIL MORRIS.



1. "WINTER."

2. "DANSEUSE"

3. "LA DANSE."

4. "PEG WOFFINGTON."

We give on this page four excellent examples from Miss Phil Morris's "Portraits and Impressions," at the Modern Gallery. Miss Morris, whose work, it need scarcely be said, pleases a great many people, is a daughter of that popular A.R.A., the late Phil Morris. It will be seen that she does not follow either the subjects or the methods of her father. A number of well-known Society people have been among her sitters.

CROWNS CORONETS COURTIER

THE plan by which King George is to go to India a year hence, in the company of Queen Mary, is vastly approved. In the late reign, the Queen's name was never associated with the King's in any Indian messages or affairs, and some people are so persuaded that Indians would resent the interference of a woman in statecraft that they are anti-suffragette here at home on that very account. As a matter of fact, Queen Victoria gained rather than lost prestige among her Indian subjects by her sex; and the curse of the Koh-i-Noor was supposed to pass her over, according to Indian tradition, because she was a woman. In India, the story runs that King Edward handed over the great jewel to Queen Alexandra, never wearing it himself, knowing that on a mere man the malign influence would work. Be that as it may, if the Koh-i-Noor goes to India in the early days of 1912, it will shine from the breast of the Queen, not from that of King George V.



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN CHARLES HOOD: MISS DOROTHY BROOKS. Miss Brooks is the only daughter of the Hon. Marshall Brooks and Mrs. Brooks, of Portal, Tarporley, Cheshire, and Sunnyside House, Rawtenstall, Lancashire, and is a granddaughter of the late Lord Crawshaw. Captain Hood, of the Buffs, is a son of the Hon. Alexander F. Gregory (formerly Hood) and Mrs. Gregory, of Styvechale Hall, Coventry, and Airmyn Hall, Gooles. The wedding is fixed for the 11th.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Queen Alexandra asked her friend to keep her company not so much for his talent in cheerfulness as for his power to mourn with her over the past. M. de Soveral has lost more than most men during 1910. At its beginning he was one of the closest friends of the King of England, and the trusted Minister and adviser of the King of Portugal. The one is dead, the other dethroned. Queen Alexandra could have bidden nobody to her side who would have held the favour of such a command as a more precious sign of confidence and consolation.



MRS. BASIL PIERCY (FORMERLY MISS ELSIE TAYLOR), WHOSE WEDDING TOOK PLACE ON DECEMBER 31.

Mrs. Piercy is the only daughter of Mrs. Frederick Taylor, of 61, Cadogan Square. Her husband is a Lieutenant in the Navy.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

The Exile. The ex-King of Portugal has gone about his business

of shopping very quietly; he has slipped out of Claridge's, sometimes unaccompanied, and always unobserved in the streets. While the Marquis de Soveral spent Christmas at Sandringham, King Manoel ate his turkey in exile at Wood Norton. For neither was the festival very festive. Queen Alex-

A Coward Unawares. Mr. Bryce has come and gone, carrying his English accent intact. He is, perhaps, the last man from whom one could hope to hear an Americanism or a "twang"; and yet even in the severe precincts of a Washington Embassy such things are sometimes perpetrated, and Mr. Bryce's literary instinct is too keen to allow him to ignore the expressive word, even if it is unorthodox. Perhaps, if his English friends were surprised to find that, despite his English accent, he could use a phrase



ENGAGED TO MR. GEORGE P. LATHBURY: MISS VALÉRIE CECIL RUSSELL. Miss Russell is the elder daughter of Mr. Herbert C. Russell, of Runnymede, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks. Mr. Lathbury, of the Royal Marine Light Infantry, is the only son of the Rev. Robert H. Lathbury, Rector of Denham, Bucks.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

Melba; it would be interesting to know how many knots went to each course. On her arrival in London Mme. Melba lost no time in finding, and being found by, her friends. Her Christmas Day dinner-party brought together a band of faithful Australian friends; and on Boxing Night she sat with the Duchess of Rutland in her box during a very successful performance of "Salome."



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN THE HON. CLAUD CHICHESTER: THE HON. CLARE WINGFIELD. Miss Wingfield is the second daughter of Julia, Viscountess Powerscourt. Captain Chichester, of the Royal Fusiliers, is the eldest son of Lord Templemore. The wedding is fixed to take place at St. George's on the 10th.—[Photograph by Val l'Estrange.]

lish rather than French. The Archbishop of Westminster, when lately in Canada, made a speech in praise of English, and, since his return, has written an eloquent plea for the supremacy of his native tongue in the Dominion among all but the actual French inhabitants. A few years ago people said that only three Englishmen spoke French perfectly; but we have beaten that record now, and the Archbishop himself speaks French and English with an equal aptitude. French, the language of diplomacy, is the language hitherto thought most useful in Rome; but even there its day is on the decline, for it is not spoken by the present Pope—who, however, is almost the first of his line to speak German.

worthy of President Roosevelt, he, on his part, was even more astonished to find that among some English people the oldest and stalest colloquialisms have to be explained. Only the other day, an elderly Englishwoman expressed abhorrence of a cowardly action when she heard a man saying of a friend that she was the finest girl he had ever struck.

The Christmas Box.

Records are seldom broken in the soft lap of luxury, and it was thought that the more fastidious traveller would not be altogether pleased with the *Mauretania's* passion for speed. On board a ship in a frantic hurry, it was surmised, the captain would be preoccupied, the stewards hustled, the meals scamped. But not at all! Mme. Melba is still smiling with pleasure over a voyage that was as neatly conducted as any Covent Garden orchestra. Travelling in the Royal Suite, she even had time to give a dinner-party. Her invitations were issued and her menu composed at short notice, but nothing failed—not even *pêches à la*



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN HARRY RAVENHILL: THE HON. EVELYN TREFUSIS.

Miss Trefusis is the second daughter of the Dowager Lady Clinton, whose husband, the twentieth Baron, died six years ago. The late Lord Clinton married twice. There were two sons and three daughters by the first marriage; four sons and three daughters by the second. Miss Trefusis is half-sister to the present holder of the barony. Captain Harry Ravenhill is a son of the late General Ravenhill, R.H.A.

Photograph by Ellen Macnaughten.

Language!

Just at present in Canada there is a good deal of language being used—about languages. The French Bishops are unwilling to see their native tongue become a secondary one with the Polish and other immigrants who settle in French districts, and who vastly prefer that their children shall speak Eng-



MISS SYBIL KEITH-FALCONER, WHO IS ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN EDEN POWELL, OF THE RIFLE BRIGADE. Miss Keith-Falconer is the youngest daughter of the late Major the Hon. Charles Keith-Falconer, and of Mrs. Keith-Falconer, of Hampton Court Palace.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

EASTERN BOWS FOR WESTERN BELLES.



THE CITY OF LIGHT'S LATEST INDEBTEDNESS TO THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN:
JAPANESE BOWS ON PARIS FROCKS.

Dame Fashion of Paris and Dame Fashion of Japan have been allies during many seasons. Again they are working together, and we have, as a result, the Parisian gown with the belt that is distinctly Japanese.—[Photographs by Felix and "Femina."]

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS

"Cinderella" No. 1. The Playhouse had the first "Cinderella" of the season, and "Our Little Cinderella" is quite an agreeable entertainment, well suited to the children, even if they do not understand the jokes about the Budget. They will, however, have no difficulty in understanding most of the humours and appreciating the prettinesses. And they will fall in love with Miss Margery Maude, who acts and sings quite charmingly as the heroine, and will roar with laughter at Mr. Cyril Maude as her papa, and at Miss Morrison and Miss Emma Chambers, who represent the cruel step-sisters. What they will think of the Prince Charming I cannot guess, and the fun of Miss Maidie Hope's dashing song about the widow is for the older folk. Mr. Hermann Löhr's lively music will please them, and no doubt they will be delighted by the tiny fairies.

Mr. Benson Although children play an important part in Mme. Peabody's drama, "The Piper," now running at the St. James's—and play it wonderfully well—the piece, apparently, is for grown-up folk. It is a treatment of the story of the Ratcatcher of Hamelin, which the dramatist has contrived to handle dramatically and in quite a poetic fashion, so that she is able to give a note of real humanity to that weird creature the Piper, who at one time was, I believe, regarded in Westphalia as a "bogey." The work misses very high rank as drama because the author's power of expression in dialogue lags behind her invention, and at times the speeches are rather heavy and puzzling, and might well be shortened. This, however, only detracts to a small extent from the charm of the work. The performance of Mr. Benson as the Piper is quite admirable: he makes a picturesque, imaginative figure of the strange, half-unearthly being who sacrifices his vengeance for pity's sake, and embellishes it with a charming note of tenderness where the children are concerned. Miss Marion Terry, as the mother whose intense love and longing defeats the Piper, acted exquisitely. The rest of the company are excellent, but hardly remarkable.

Pantomimes. Of these there is, first of all, Drury Lane. We miss the kindly humour of Mr. Wilkie Bard; but Mr. Graves is in great form and makes the pantomime old lady as pleasant and as entertaining as she can be made. Among the ladies we miss Miss Marie George, and some may say that her place has not quite been filled. Miss Dolly Castles as Jack, Miss Julia James as the Princess, and Miss Maudie Thornton as her maid, all are very pleasant to look on, and work very cleverly; but none of them is very marked either in voice or personality. Nevertheless, they do all that can reasonably be required; and the ballet and the scenery are as gorgeous as ever, and the property-man has surpassed himself in the production of giants and other monsters. Mr. Glover, too, has aimed at new musical effects, with the help of Tchaikovsky and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music; and "Jack and the Beanstalk" is everything that a Drury Lane pantomime should be. At the Lyceum, where the story is "Cinderella," Mr. Harry Weldon, a Lancashire humourist with a style of his own, is the hero of the day; and Miss Iris Hoey is a very fascinating little heroine. The Prince, too—Miss Jane Eyre—has

a good voice and can act; and the ballets are admirably conceived and arranged.

"Peter Pan," and Others.

"Peter Pan" has returned to the Duke of York's, very little changed and showing no signs of age. James Hook is now played by Mr. Holman Clark, who makes a thrilling pirate, and Miss Viva Birkett is a very charming Mrs. Darling; the rest, Miss Pauline Chase, Miss Gertrude Lang, Mr. George Shelton, are as they were last year. Another old friend is "Alice in Wonderland," which reappears at the Savoy in a more elaborate guise than usual, with a beautiful ballet beneath the sea, and a very perfect little Alice in Miss Ivy Sawyer. There are also Pierrot entertainments—a clever one by "The Wags," who follow "Alice"; and another at the Court Theatre, where "The Patchwork Pierrots" inaugurated Miss Phyllis Beadon's season on Boxing Day and introduced a clever dancer in Miss Beadon herself, an entertaining humourist in Mr. Max Cardiff, and a "Poster Pantomime," whose characters, taken from well-known posters, caused considerable amusement.

The Little Theatre. At the Little Theatre, Miss Gertrude Kingston has strengthened the programme, which ends with that most interesting phenomenon, "The Dragon of Wrath," played by the strange but fascinating Mme. Chung, by Hung Loo of the humorous countenance, and by Yangtse Chin the fat and comical, with whose names must be coupled the names of the chubby infants, Ching Wu Chung and Tien Wu Chung. The strengthening has consisted in adding "The Fotheringay," which is a sketch from Thackeray by Mr. Patrick Kirwin, and gives Miss Kingston an opportunity of showing off a pretty Irish accent

as the famous Emily Costigan, who accepted Arthur Pendennis till she found out that he had no money; and, what is still more important, of adding the daintiest little children's ballet which has been seen on the stage for a very long time. It is Mozart's "Les Petits Riens," never performed in London before, and the children have been trained by Miss Loie Fuller, and are the nearest approach to a group of fairies that we can ever hope to see.

Of Patriotism. The National Service League is clearly determined to make the most of the educational value of the stage. They have produced, before "Vice Versa," at the Comedy, a little play by Major Drury called "The Admiral Speaks," and the moral of it is very plain. The "Admiral" is a figurehead of Nelson, which comes to life and points out to a young naval Lieutenant and his wife that the eve of Trafalgar Day, when important North Sea manœuvres are on foot, and there

are grim rumours of Germany's intentions, is not a proper time for resigning from the service. There is little to be noticed in the piece of dramatic importance; but it is adequately played by Mr. Arthur Holmes Gore, Miss Christine Silver, and Mr. O. P. Heggie, and Naval men will no doubt take its lesson to heart.



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE: MR. GEORGE BARRETT AS RUPERT HALLEYBUT AND MISS DOLLY CASTLES AS JACK.



"JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," AT DRURY LANE: MISS MAUDIE THORNTON AS MARJORIE AND MR. BARRY LUPINO AS ALEXIS.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

THE UNARMED POLICEMAN AGAINST THE ARMED THIEF: A TACKLING METHOD.



RENDERING A MAN WITH A REVOLVER POWERLESS TO USE HIS WEAPON: CITY POLICE PRACTISING
A SPECIAL METHOD OF DEFENCE.

The recent shooting of policemen at Houndsditch called attention once more to the question of arming constables on all occasions, and it has been said that against an armed thief the man in blue is powerless. This, of course, is true if events happen as they came about in the recent case, when it was impossible for thief-taker to get near to thief. Once the policeman has hold of his man, affairs are on a different footing. For instance, with this "hold" upon him, the man with the revolver is powerless before the unarmed constable. The arm is forced sideways against the natural movement of the elbow-joint, with the result that sufficient pain is caused to make the assailant drop his weapon. It is a part of the special methods of tackling a man which all policemen learn.—[*Photograph by Clarke and Hyde.*]

KEYNOTES

LOOKING back upon the great autumn experiment at Covent Garden, an experiment which, it is to be feared, has received less support than it deserved, one production of the last weeks seems to stand out above all others. Down to the middle of December "Elektra" and "Salome" had claimed the greater part of public attention. Xavier Leroux's exquisite opera, "Le Chemineau," had received, for reasons yet to be disclosed, no more than a single performance. Over and above the Strauss operas, few other works of great artistic significance had been given, or if they had figured on the programme the performances had been good rather than striking. Emotions run riot had held the stage in "Tiefland" and the Strauss operas, but at a moment when most of us may well have become heartily tired of crude elemental passion, Mr. Beecham revived "Pelléas and Mélisande," and in doing so achieved the greatest triumph of the season. It came at the right moment: blood and thunder had exhausted their appeal; there was something akin to an unspoken demand for a work of pure beauty. London responded immediately; a large gathering assembled to hear Debussy's masterpiece. The antagonism between the early Victorians, who regard "Traviata" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" as works of art, and their grandchildren, who know better, seemed to have faded before the season of peace on earth. The old school and the new were in evidence among the audience, and each appeared to find enjoyment in a performance that seemed at all points to realise the beauty of the story and the rare charm of its setting.

Maeterlinck's play is not of our time and mood: it has a certain subtlety and a charm that suggest the highest poetic expression of John Keats. A work of extraordinary beauty, having but the remotest relation to the age we live in, it could not be happily united to our modern scale, and Debussy must have been highly inspired when he gave it a setting in his favourite scale of whole tones. This device helps in no small measure to complete the effect that the play itself creates—keeps it removed from the world of commonplace happenings and sordid passions, while giving to the leading singers a rare chance of identifying themselves with the rôles they fill. Mr. Percy Pitt, who conducted the performance with so much sympathetic insight, was fortunate in the company that looked to him for direction. The Mélisande of Miss Maggie Teyte has drawn large audiences to the rather shoddy Opéra Comique in Paris: it is, as far as one can imagine, the ideal interpretation. The spirit of innocence and simplicity that marks Mélisande is expressed in every gesture and in every note; it may be questioned whether any rôle undertaken in the past three months at Covent Garden has been interpreted with equal sympathy. Save with sheer *arias di bravura*, it is not easy to rouse the average operatic audience to enthusiasm, but Miss Teyte's supreme restraint was worth more than the highest notes of the "Caro nome" or the top C in "Salve dimora." The clever young artist has made a

good impression before; in the Debussy-Maeterlinck opera she reaches the highest point of her achievement. The tenor, M. Petit, who filled the rôle of Pelléas, was less fortunate: he was of the earth, while Miss Teyte seemed to be the inhabitant of another sphere. His love was that of the operatic tenor, purely physical; hers was of the world of Mélisande, spiritual; M. Bourbon's Golaud was properly within the picture, finely sung, strongly acted; the Arkel of Mr. Murray Davey was no less admirable; while the whole effort of poet-musician and musician-poet was developed to the full extent of the great scenic resources of the opera-house.

It is curious to note how brief in art is the success of the purely physical appeal. You may deal with passion in the most daring manner permitted to the generation, but someone comes with an appeal to the spirit within the sense, and, consciously or uncon-

sciously, opens the eyes of the blind; they see the clay feet of their idols. In the galleries of the Luxembourg in Paris some artists who won great renown in their generation by covering huge canvases with blatant allegorical paintings have the greater part of a large salon to themselves with pictures in which inspiration stands in inverse ratio to size; but in one corner there is a relatively small canvas by Puvis de Chavannes, "The Poor Fisherman"; not only does this express its own beauty, but it exposes the tawdriness of mammoth canvases on the other walls. One could compare in the same way one of the small pieces by Rodin in the same collection with the great marble masses that mean nothing and say just what



BEFORE AN AUDIENCE OF CRITICS: SIGNOR MASCAGNI PLAYING THE SCORE OF HIS NEW OPERA, "ISABEAU."

Our photograph was taken on a recent occasion when Signor Mascagni invited a number of musical critics of Rome to hear him play over on the piano his new opera, "Isabeau." The work is to be produced at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York.

they mean in some of the public squares and gardens of Paris. It would be easy to carry the comparison into literature at home and abroad; but music is our concern here, and it is the simple beauty of Debussy's score that compares so favourably with the laboured, strenuous complexity of scores in which beauty is less than cleverness, and sincerity is of small account by the side of sensation.

If Mr. Beecham has reconciled London to "Pelléas and Mélisande" by his production of operas like "Tiefland" and "Salome," he will not have laboured in vain, for he will have turned the public attention once again to Paris and to the musicians who, if the writer is not altogether mistaken, hold the future of opera in their hands. It is on this account that the costly season now at an end seems to close upon the note of hopefulness. We have been steeped to the eyes in sensation often of the most unpleasant kind, and may be turning back at last to work of pure beauty and modern inspiration. Certainly the reign of horror is not likely to be unduly extended. The fatuities and banalities of early Victorian opera are less unpleasant than the calculated nastiness of much modern German opera, and it is comforting to think that in the years that have seen the rise of so much that repels, the modern Frenchmen have been following the quest of pure beauty, and have been rewarded by the discovery of their goal.

COMMON CHORD.

The Singing Birds of Paradise — Enow!



I.—THE CONTRALTO: "MY DEAR SOUL."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS

No. V.—A FAMOUS "SKETCH" ARTIST: MR. W. HEATH ROBINSON.

TO the readers of *The Sketch* the work of Mr. Heath Robinson has always been an abiding joy since it first graced these pages with its delightful humour, its unforced yet vivid imagination, and the technical skill of its execution.

The personality of the artist is, naturally, an entirely different matter, and the majority of our readers will gaze for the first time on the artist, as he exists in the flesh, through the medium of the camera and the process-engraver on this page.

Like the poet in the famous phrase, Mr. Heath Robinson might truly say—were he less modest than he is—that an artist "nascitur, non fit." His father was a black-and-white artist for many years associated with the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, when it was the daughter of the *Illustrated London News*, and his grandfather was an engraver. Like most boys with an artistic bias, Mr. Heath Robinson did a great deal of work when at school. His drawing, however, instead of developing along the lines of caricature, as the work of most schoolboys does, was always inventive in its character, and he used to draw on his imagination as well as on his slate when reproducing the facts he desired to represent. He was great at battles, sieges, and similar scenes. The machinery he used in his sieges was drawn in much the same way, although in deadly earnest, as he draws machinery to-day if he does anything humorous in which machinery is introduced. At the school to which he went as a boy he did not obtain a prize for drawing, and, after going to an art-school in the same district, he wasted much valuable time, as he considers, in drawing antiques at the British Museum in order to get into the Royal Academy Schools, where he wasted still more time over the antique during the three years he spent there.

Landscape work was another refuge from the conservative routine of the school, and it is still a source of keen enjoyment to him—a fact which the observant may discover for themselves in considering the backgrounds of his sketches, for they are all imbued with the spirit of the lover of nature.

It was that stern mother, Necessity, which compelled him at an early age to give up a systematic art education to earn his own living. The battle of life began with the purchase of his first drawing for publication, and he took up book-illustration. Much of his earlier work was done for children, one or two of them, like "Uncle Lubin," being also written by himself. In time came illustrations to Kipling's "Song of the English" and "Collected Verse," the poems of Edgar Allan Poe, some Rabelais, and "Twelfth Night." It was, however, the work for children which chiefly occupied his attention, for the reason that he could, as he says, "put down whatever came into my head without thinking whether or not it violated the canons of probability." In this respect, the bent of his humour may be said to have been influenced by Lewis Carroll and Sir W. S. Gilbert.

As time went on, he made the discovery that what was meant to interest the younger children interested children of an older growth—their elders—and even interested them very much more. It was this fact which subsequently decided him to devote himself to comic drawings intended for adults, though he never entirely gave up his work for children, and is now devoting still more time

to it, so that the youngsters have many delightful hours in store for them when the new drawings come out.

His first appearance in grown-up artistic motley was made some four or five years ago. The idea which governs his work is a logical consistency, no matter how humorous, even ridiculous, may be the carrying-out of the details. The result is that if he introduces a

piece of machinery it must be correct and consistent to the laws which belong to it; in other words, it must be workable, and the whole scheme which dominates it must be perfectly plausible. With what absolute fidelity this rigorous rule has been carried out everyone who keeps a file of *The Sketch* may judge for himself by turning up Mr. Heath Robinson's work. One gratifying tribute to his consistency in this respect, as well as to the appreciation of his expert knowledge in devising new kinds of traps and snares, is that he has received a large number of inquiries from people asking his advice as to the building of traps and various methods of getting rid of pests.

While the public sees the finished product of Mr. Heath Robinson's work, it has no idea of the slow, not to say plodding and difficult, manner in which it is often evolved. In working for *The Sketch* one of the chief facts

Mr. Heath Robinson always keeps in view is that the subject should be entirely light and happy, without any suggestion of a serious or cynical thought behind it. It is a curious fact that his ideas hardly ever arise directly from anything he sees. Perhaps the careful observer would have imagined this for himself,

seeing how essentially imaginative is Mr. Heath Robinson's particular form of humour. One good idea often evolves a series. Thus the Eton Boy Series, which has during the last few weeks been so great a success in this paper, originally started with the hair-cutting idea. As soon as Mr. Heath Robinson decided on drawing a series around a schoolboy, the necessity of making him an Eton boy occurred at once, not merely because Eton is the best-known school in the world, but because the Eton boy is a type who is known everywhere. In doing this series, as in doing most of his other work, Mr. Heath Robinson does not make use of models for direct drawing. He does, however, use models for study and for stocking his mind with material on which he can subsequently draw when composing a picture. Often, however, he is his own model, especially when he is in need of a difficult position, as he finds he can often take the exact pose he requires better than he can get anyone else to do it.

One of the most interesting compliments paid to him was the reproduction in life of one of his "Little Games for the Holidays," for "Bouncing the Beecham," which appeared in *The Sketch* of Aug. 10, 1910, was actually played in Hong-Kong soon after *The Sketch* arrived there. Several of his drawings have been adapted for cartoons by artists in America and South Africa, while his German Invasion Series has been reproduced in Germany, and it has been one of the most successful of the series he has done.

Among such successes must be included the Christmas series of 1909 and 1910, "Presence of Mind," "The Gentle Art of Catching Things," "British Industries," "Science Jottings," and "Little Games for the Holidays."



"GLAD TO SEE YOU; COME IN."



"WHEN I WANT A PARTICULARLY ECCENTRIC ATTITUDE, I ACT AS MY OWN MODEL—WITH THE AID OF A MIRROR—THIS WAY."

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

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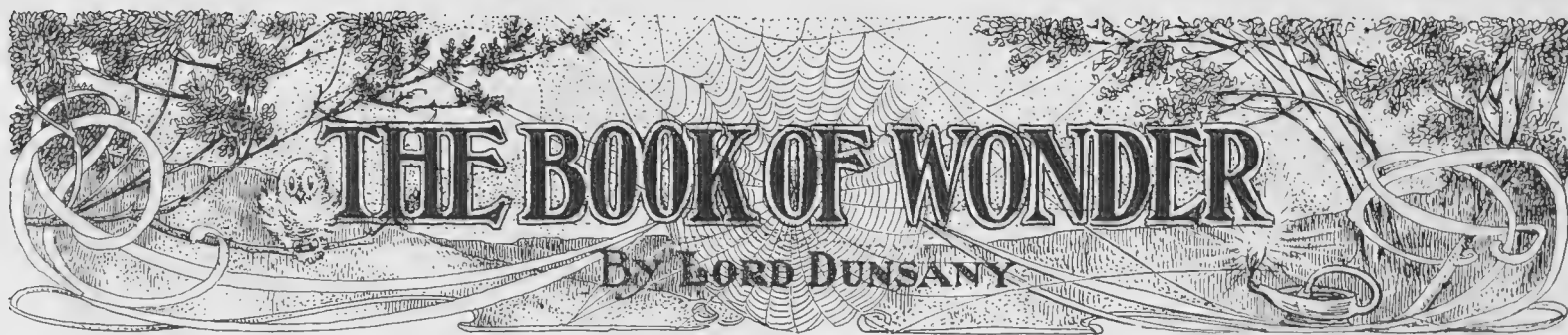
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THE COLD TRUTH.



THE MAN ON THE TOP: Come up here, old man. You get 'an ever so much better view than from where you are.

DRAWN BY H. RADCLIFFE WILSON.



EPISODE III.—THE HOUSE OF THE SPHINX.

(See Illustration by S. H. Sime on Facing Page.)

WHEN I came to the House of the Sphinx it was already dark. They made me eagerly welcome. And I, in spite of the deed, was glad of any shelter from that ominous wood. I saw at once that there had been a deed, although a cloak did all that a cloak may do to conceal it. The mere uneasiness of the welcome made me suspect that cloak.

The Sphinx was moody and silent. I had not come to pry into the secrets of Eternity nor to investigate the Sphinx's private life, and so had little to say and few questions to ask; but to whatever I did say she remained morosely indifferent. It was clear that either she suspected me of being in search of the secrets of one of her gods, or of being boldly inquisitive about her traffic with Time, or else she was darkly absorbed with brooding upon the deed.

I saw soon enough that there was another than me to welcome; I saw it from the hurried way that they glanced from the door to the deed and back to the door again. And it was clear that the welcome was to be a bolted door. But such bolts, and such a door! Rust and decay and fungus had been there far too long, and it was not a barrier any longer that would keep out even a determined wolf. And it seemed to be something worse than a wolf that they feared.

A little later on I gathered from what they said that some imperious and ghastly thing was looking for the Sphinx, and that something that had happened had made its arrival certain. It appeared that they had slapped the Sphinx to vex her out of her apathy in order that she should pray to one of her gods whom she had littered in the house of Time; but her moody silence was invincible, and her apathy Oriental ever since the deed had happened. And when they found that they could not make her pray, there was nothing for them to do but to pay little useless attentions to the rusty lock of the door, and to look at the deed and wonder, and even pretend to hope, and to say that after all it might not bring that destined thing from the forest, which no one named.

It may be said I had chosen a gruesome house, but not if I had described the forest from which I came, and I was in need of any spot wherein I could rest my mind from the thought of it.

I wondered very much what thing would come from the forest on account of the deed; and having seen that forest—as you, gentle reader, have not—I had the advantage of knowing that anything might come. It was useless to ask the Sphinx—she seldom reveals things like her paramour Time (the gods take after her), and while this mood was on her, rebuff was certain. So I quietly began to oil the lock of the door. And as soon as they saw this simple act I won their confidence. It was not that my work was of any use—it should have been done long before; but they saw that my interest was given for the moment to the

thing that they thought vital. They clustered round me then. They asked me what I thought of the door, and whether I had seen better, and whether I had seen worse; and I told them about all the doors I knew, and said that the doors of the baptistery in Florence were better doors, and the doors made by a certain firm of builders in London were worse. And then I asked them what it was that was coming after the Sphinx because of the deed. And at first they would not say, and I stopped oiling the door; and then they said that it was the arch-inquisitor of the forest, who is investigator and avenger of all silvestrian things; and from all that they said about him it seemed to me that this person was quite white, and was a kind of madness that would settle down quite blankly upon the place, a kind of mist in which reason could not live; and it was the fear of this that made them fumble nervously at the lock of that rotten door; but with the Sphinx it was not so much fear as sheer prophecy.

The hope that they tried to hope was well enough in its way, but I did not share it; it was clear that the thing that they feared was the corollary of the deed—one saw that more by the resignation upon the face of the Sphinx than by their sorry anxiety for the door.

The wind soughed, and the great tapers flared, and their obvious fear and the silence of the Sphinx grew more than ever a part of the atmosphere, and bats went restlessly through the gloom of the wind that beat the tapers low.

Then a few things screamed far off, then a little nearer, and something was coming towards us, laughing hideously. I hastily gave a prod to the door that they guarded; my finger sank right into the mouldering wood—there was not a chance of holding it. I had not leisure to observe their fright; I thought of the back-door, for the forest was better than this; only the Sphinx was absolutely calm, her prophecy was made, and she seemed to have

seen her doom so that no new thing could perturb her.

But by mouldering rungs of ladders as old as Man, by slippery edges of the dreadful abyss, with an ominous dizziness about my heart and a feeling of horror in the soles of my feet, I clambered from tower to tower till I found the door that I sought; and it opened on to one of the upper branches of a huge and sombre pine, down which I climbed on to the floor of the forest. And I was glad to be back again in the forest from which I had fled.

And the Sphinx in her menaced house—I know not how she fared—whether she gazes for ever, disconsolate, at the deed, remembering only in her smitten mind, at which little boys now leer, that she once knew well those things at which Man stands aghast; or whether in the end she crept away, and clambering horribly from abyss to abyss, came at last to higher things, and is wise and eternal still. For who knows of madness whether it is divine or whether it be of the pit?

THE END.



THE AUTHOR OF "THE BOOK OF WONDER": LORD DUNSANY.

Lord Dunsany is the eighteenth Baron of a creation dating from 1439. He was born in July 1878, and was educated at Eton and at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. Formerly a lieutenant in the Coldstream Guards, he saw active service at the battles of Belmont, Grapan, Modder River, and Magersfontein. In 1904 he married Lady Beatrice Child Villiers, daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey. His works include "The Gods of Pegana," "Time and the Gods," "The Sword of Welleran," and "A Dreamer's Tales."

Photograph by Lafayette.

THE BOOK OF WONDER: BY LORD DUNSANY AND S. H. SIME.



EPISODE III.—“THE HOUSE OF THE SPHINX.”

“It was clear that the welcome was to be a bolted door . . . I gathered from what they said that some imperious and ghastly thing was looking for the Sphinx . . . The wind souged, and the great tapers flared, and their obvious fear and the silence of the Sphinx grew more than ever a part of the atmosphere, and bats went restlessly through the gloom of the wind that beat the tapers low.”

After the Drawing by S. H. Sime. (For Lord Dunsany's Story, see Facing Page.)

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

A GOLFER'S COLLECTION.*

WITH the "Prefatory" modesty of so many authors of these and other days, Mr. Wood introduces his "Golfing Curios and 'the Like'" with a shrug of the shoulders. He would seem to regard it as an ugly duckling! Yet, as he says, he has "launched it upon the sea of golfing literature in the earnest hope that it may assist to pilot into port that old man of the sea for whose coming all golfers are on the outlook—namely, 'the Gibbon of Golf.'" He would seem to realise that one day it may be found to be a swan! His modesty is nice, but unnecessary and unfair to the—"swan." He need have no fear about other people's opinion of his charge: many will welcome it with interest. In so short a space it is not possible to deal with its merits in detail. Let us examine a few, and begin, appropriately, with feathers!

"One is astonished to find how little is known of the history or antecedents of our favourite game. . . . For example, take the feather ball in use until 1848, consisting of three pieces of bull's hide stitched together, into which was forced, by means of a metal 'pusher' and hard manual labour, a 'hatful,' or gallon, of wetted feathers, through two narrow slots left in the leather, and afterwards closed by means of stitches. Let a man work as hard as he would, three of these balls represented a full day's labour, and he was not too well paid with four shillings, which was the recognised price of such a ball. . . . The balls were *not* usually round or spherical, but generally inclined to be egg-shaped, notwithstanding which, however, they 'putted' with marvellous accuracy." Quoting Mr. Peter Baxter's "Golf in Perth and Perthshire," Mr. Wood continues: "The leather was of untanned bull's-hide. Two round pieces for the ends and a strip for the middle were cut to suit the weight wanted. These were properly shaped, after being sufficiently softened, and firmly sewed together, a small hole being, of course, left through which the feathers might be afterwards inserted. But before stuffing, it was through this little hole that the leather itself had to be turned outside in, so that the seams should be inside—an operation not without difficulty. The skin was then placed in a cup-shaped stand, and the actual stuffing was done with a crutch-handled steel rod, which the maker placed under his arm. Thereafter the aperture was closed and firmly sewed up, and this outside seam was the only one visible."

And what of the gutta ball? On this Mr. Wood is equally informative: "The introduction of the smooth gutta ball in 1848, although at first not successful, owing to . . . the difficulty experienced in ensuring a straight 'soaring' shot on account of its smoothness, very soon effected a complete change in many departments of the game. . . . Some doubt and controversy still exist as to the originator of the gutta ball, but from an article in

the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* (May 2, 1908), it appears probable that these balls were first introduced by the father of the writer, 'Old Willie Dunn,' of St. Andrews, Musselburgh, and Blackheath fame, who is reputed to have made a number of smooth gutta balls, and finding that they 'ducked' after travelling twenty or thirty

yards, he threw them to the caddies, and later at Musselburgh he was astonished to see one of these caddies get a magnificent shot with one of the discarded balls, which upon examination Dunn found had been freely indented with an iron club. This led him to experiment with a chisel-headed hammer in order to produce similar indentations; hence the advent of the 'hand-hammered' ball, which was subsequently followed by the moulded 'gutta.'"

Clubs, ancient and curious, come in for much discussion too. There are, for instance, the "Hugh Philp" wooden clubs of the early part of last century. "The thin, straight shafts, beautifully proportioned heads, with perfect 'lies,' and balance of the clubs, mark them as the productions of an artist whose work has never been excelled. . . . Nor can it be matter of surprise that attempts were made to imitate. . . . The heads of these imitations were, however, made from *beech*, whereas it is a well-known fact that Philp invariably used apple, pear, or thorn wood." And the "track-iron" must be mentioned. Mr. Wood has five of these—four in wrought-iron, and one in gun-metal or bronze. The club "was obviously the forerunner of the modern niblick, and derives its name from the fact that, up to 1850 or thereabouts, it was specially used for getting the ball out of cart-tracks, such as are frequently found on the public links in Scotland." Yet another of Mr. Wood's possessions is "an excellent example of the sand or bunker iron as used at St. Andrews by a well-known and evidently muscular golfer in the year 1837. The height of this club from the 'heel' to the top of the shaft is 3 ft. 6 in., length of the head, 5 in., and extreme width of same, 2 in., the weight of the club being 1 lb. 9 oz."

Next let us remark an extract from the "Rules of the Old Manchester Golf Club."—"The Turf of the Putting Green shall not be raised up for a tee, nor shall sand or clay be taken from any part of it, and no Cady shall be employed who does not carry a bag with moist sand or clay for the tees." As comment on this, the author notes that Major Shepherd said a couple of years ago: "In connection with tees, sand-boxes were, according to the late Sir Robert Anstruther, first used on the Leven links. Previous to their introduction, caddies carried bags of wet sand slung around their necks."

This but to touch upon a phase or two of Mr. Wood's capital book. Those who read it—and they should be many—cannot fail to enjoy it. We shall not be surprised, moreover, to hear that, despite the numerous illustrations, many will ask the author to show his collection to them.



A DUTCH FIRST COUSIN TO GOLF IN THE 18TH CENTURY: THE ONLY KNOWN PICTURE OF "KOLF" BEING PLAYED FROM A TEE IN HOLLAND.

"Many points of resemblance [indicate] at least a 'first cousinship' between the popular pastimes as practised in the Netherlands, France, and Scotland about the same time. . . . A quaint and curious Dutch book of poems . . . by Johannes Luiken, Amsterdam, 1719, contains an illustration (believed to be the only one to that effect in existence) of golf being played from a *Tee* in Holland." The pictorial part of this illustration is here reproduced, the Dutch verses being omitted.



"KOLF," PLAYED IN A COURT, WITH PILLARS INSTEAD OF HOLES: MR. A. P. L. SPUYBROEK, SECRETARY OF THE DUTCH KOLFBOND.

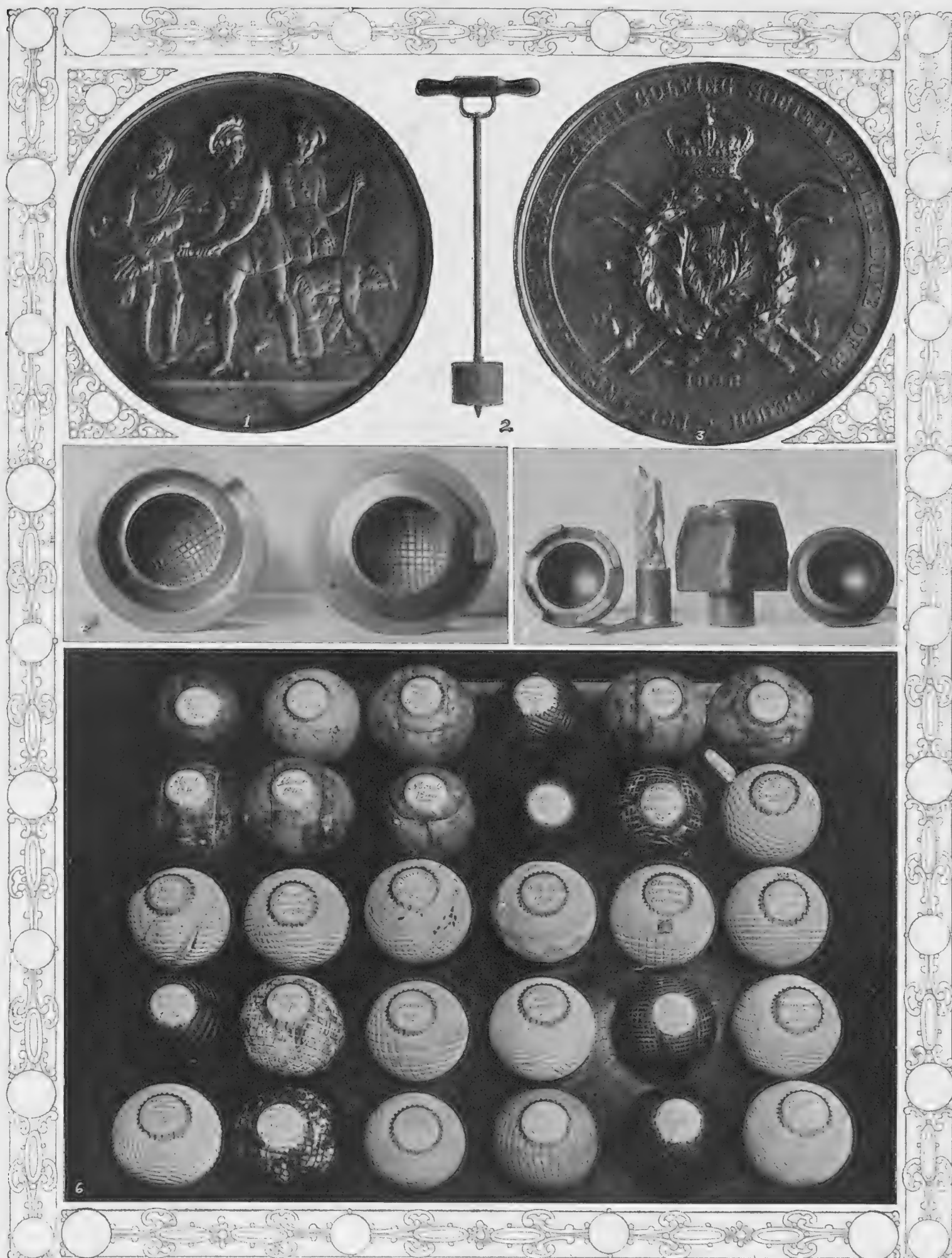
"Apart from the fact that the game was played in a restricted court instead of on an open course, and at pillars instead of holes, there is a great deal of resemblance. . . . Mr. A. P. L. Spuybroek, of Utrecht [is] Secretary of the 'Dutch Kolfbond.' . . . The club represented was in actual use from the beginning of the nineteenth century until 1870. . . . The box suspended by a chain is intended for contributions for the poor of Utrecht. The Kolf Court is situated in the St. Eloyen, Garthius, a charitable institution dating back to the fourteenth century."

The illustrations are reproduced from "Golfing Curios and 'The Like,'" by Harry B. Wood; by courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes.

* "Golfing Curios and 'the Like.'" By Harry B. Wood. (Sherratt and Hughes. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.)

"ROYAL AND ANCIENT" HISTORY: GOLF CURIOS.

Reproduced from Mr. Harry B. Wood's "Golfing Curios and 'The Like,'" by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. Sherratt and Hughes.



1. A BRONZE REPLICA OF THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL PERTH GOLFING SOCIETY BY THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH IN 1838: THE REVERSE.

2. A RELIC PRESERVED AT THE ROYAL MUSSELBURGH GOLF CLUB: AN ORIGINAL HOLE-CUTTER, DATED 1774.

3. THE BRONZE REPLICA OF THE GOLD MEDAL PRESENTED TO THE ROYAL PERTH GOLFING SOCIETY BY THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH IN 1838: THE OVERSE.

4. A CONTRAST TO THE MOULD FOR SMOOTH GUTTA BALLS: A MOULD FOR THE "ALIWAY" GUTTA BALL.

5. USED BY THE ELDER FORGAN IN HIS WORKSHOP AT ST. ANDREWS ABOUT 1850: TWO MOULDS, A TIN CANDLE-SCONCE, AND AN OAKEN CUP FOR "HAND-HAMMERING."

6. FROM THE FEATHER BALL OF 1834 TO THE INGLIS "UNIQUE" OF 1902: FATHERS AND GRANDFATHERS OF THE RUBBER-CORED BALL.

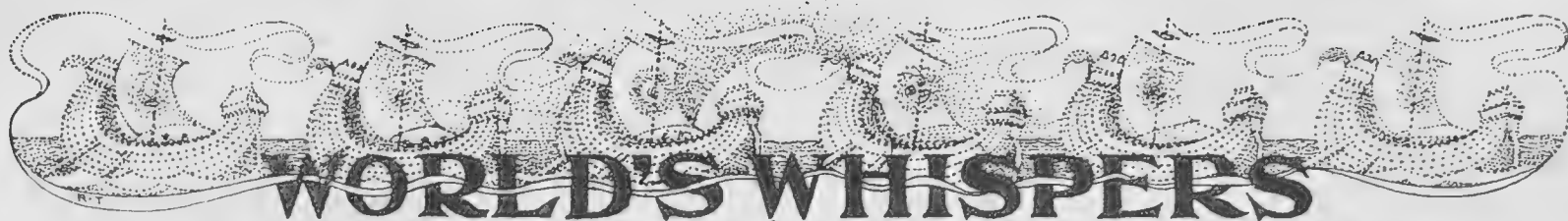
The objects at either end of No. 5 are iron moulds in which the smooth "gutties" were first produced; the other objects are a candle in a tin sconce and an oaken cup in which the balls were hand-hammered. The balls illustrated in No. 6 (from left to right) are—Top Row: Feather Ball, 1834—Feather Ball, 1834—Feather Ball, about 1840—Hand-hammered, 1850—Feather Ball, about 1840; Feather Ball, about 1840. Second Row: Feather Ball, about 1840—Feather Ball, about 1840—Feather Ball, about 1840—Smooth Gutta Ball, 1848—Small Hand-hammered, 1850—Silvertown "Snipit." Third Row: Hand-hammered Red Gutta—Hand-hammered Red Gutta, 1855—Thornton Hand-hammered, 1880—W. Park Junr. "Royal," 1896—"Sturrock" Canvas-covered—Machine-finished, 1890. Fourth Row: Henry's Rifled, 1902—"Eclipse," 1870—Machine-marked "Eclipse," 1880—Alleged Hand-hammered—Alleged Hand-hammered and Moulded, Cockburn, Edinburgh, about 1885—Machine-marked Gutta, red throughout—"Composite," 1875—H. Haskin's Hoylake, 1897—"Flyandput," 1896—Ingliš "Unique," 1902.

THE END OF THE ARGUMENT.



MR. MEEKAN - MILDE: Don't strike me, darling. You were quite right. It won't bear the two of us.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



WORLD'S WHISPERS



TO MARRY MISS PHYLLIS ISOBEL FELLOWES ON THE 7TH: MR. GEORGE CYRIL COLMORE.

Mr. Colmore is the younger son of Mrs. Linzee and stepson of Mr. Edward G. Linzee, of Brambridge Lodge, Bishopstoke, Hants.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.

Lady Margaret MacRae. Only the other day Mr. Primrose celebrated his twenty-eighth birthday by going to the poll. Lady Margaret MacRae's manner of keeping her natal day is still more momentous and enterprising. On Christmas Eve, the date of her own birth, her little daughter was born, and the next morning, instead of listening to Christmas carols in a cathedral, she heard the tiny voice of a child in a cot. What better way of being reminded of the season of Nativity? Lady Margaret is Lord Bute's sister, and, like Lord Bute, has an adventurous spirit. Her yacht, skippered by herself—for she holds a master's certificate in navigation—had a way of going faster than most others, just as her flowers seem to grow more bravely than those in other gardens. Kames Castle, provided by her brother, is to be her picturesque home.

Peers into the Future. If Mr. Asquith really has slept with a list of thirty-five applicants for peerages under his pillow, as the gossip of Christmas week declared, he must have turned a little uneasily in his dreams, and perhaps suffered

KING GEORGE'S gun has been active in many quarters. Sir Edward Green offers particularly good sport at Ken Hill, his place near King's Lynn. Honoured for many years by the friendship of kings, he is related to the Wilsons of Tranby Croft; and his family, in the second generation, is famous for the study of the science—as they themselves advisedly call it—of fox-hunting. At Holkham Hall and at Raynham Park the birds were, likewise, much fluttered of late with the news of the expected approach of the King with a True Eye.

his ancestor in the matter of his spouse. A picture at Parham shows that antique Lord holding her hair in his hand, with his foot planted on her skirt. She had run away, and been recaptured. Such pictures do not enliven the atmosphere for a generation with its own matrimonial calamity.

A Castle in the Air. Mme. Maeterlinck so greatly moved her audience when she gave a performance of "Macbeth" at her husband's home in Normandy that it will not be at all a surprise to hear that her example will probably be followed at



TO MARRY MR. GEORGE CYRIL COLMORE ON THE 7TH: MISS PHYLLIS ISOBEL FELLOWES.

Miss Fellowes is the third daughter of Mrs. Peregrine H. T. Fellowes, of Hurstbourne Priors, Whitchurch, Hants, and of the late Captain Fellowes, Chief Constable of Hampshire.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



THE QUEEN OF THE BELGIANS WITH HER THREE CHILDREN.

Her Majesty was Elizabeth, Duchess of Bavaria. Her marriage took place in 1900. She has three children—Prince Leopold, born in November 1901; Prince Charles, born in October 1903; and Princess Marie, born in August 1906. —[Photograph by Boud.]

nightmare beneath a weight of coronets. Sir Robert Peel says in one of his letters that he had hardly a supporter in Parliament who had not asked for something; and he added that it would soon be a distinction to be a plain Mister. If these habits survive there will be no difficulty in finding five hundred heads for five hundred new coronets, should political exigencies call them into being. No such need, however, will arise, and, say some of the Government men quite frankly, "More's the pity!"

A Departure. Lord Zouche vacates lovely Parham Park for seven years with fewer regrets than might conventionally be expected from the outgoing owner of an historic mansion. He is less tenacious in the matter of his house than

Ethel Smyth, the modern Boadicea of the bâton.

Hereford at Play. Lady Evelyn Cotterell is sparing no pains for the perfection of her theatricals in Hereford on Feb. 2 and 3. In "Kitty Clive" Lady Dorothea Lee-Warner will take an important part, and in "A Pantomime Rehearsal" Lady Evelyn herself will appear in a cast that comprises her sister (Lady Helen Gordon Lennox), Lady Muriel Beckwith, Colonel Ricardo, and many others. The wife of a Herefordshire Lord Lieutenant, Lady Evelyn is supported in her enterprise by strong local patriotisms, and the admiration of a whole county. Even the ordeal of rehearsing "A Pantomime Rehearsal" is smilingly endured. And hers is a cast that is never downcast.

Glamis Castle. She moved her audience upstairs and downstairs and into the courtyard; and the same activity will attend the production of the tragedy of the Thane of Glamis at Glamis. No word has come to hand as to the details of this most interesting enterprise, save that it will probably take place in June, by which time Miss Julia Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn will be in England—willing, it is hoped, to break into the quiet of a holiday to take part in the play on an eventful summer night.

Women who Face the Music. Viscountess Galway, brave in charity, faces not only the music but the musicians. A year ago, a trouble with the orchestra that provided her private theatre at Serlby Hall with music at a charity performance of her own "King Harry's Revels" was taken into the Courts. Nothing daunted, she has just produced her own "My Lady's Garden" at Retford Town Hall. Among wind and strings, she is only less courageous than Lady Radnor, who has conducted her own orchestra among the young barbarians of Oxford, and has taught a choir in Venice; and must be nearly as brave as Miss



ENGAGED TO MR. WILLIAM ARTHUR BAINBRIDGE: MISS VERONICA JOSEPHINE (VERA) WILLIAMS.

Miss Williams is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. O. N. Williams, of Brompton Square. Mr. Bainbridge is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur E. Bainbridge, of Lynwood, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Photograph by Val L'Estrange.



ENGAGED TO THE REV. ALBERT VICTOR GRÉGOIRE: MISS MARJORIE MORGAN.

Miss Marjorie Morgan is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. Morgan, of Glamorgan, and late of Cranhill, Bath. Mr. Grégoire, of Ashby Manor, Box, Wilts, is Rector of Ditteridge, Chippenham.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



By HENRY LEACH.

The New Year. My disposition is to leave it to others this time to write of the New Year's resolutions that a golfer might or might not be well advised to make. It is now ten years or thereabouts since I first touched upon the subject, and it is a little stale and hackneyed. I have come, to feel, also, that there is really only one resolution in regard to golf that is worth the making. It would be foolish to determine to persevere with any special mannerism of play, much as it might appeal to your interest and reason on the first day of the year and for several days previously, since there is no one infallible system of golf such as will suit everybody, and if persisted in will yield a good game to all, and the idea that looks so good to us to-day may be found to be a worthless thing so far as we are concerned to-morrow. The experiment, study, and argument of the past year or two have led forcibly and irresistibly to the conclusion that there is no right and no wrong way of doing anything in golf. I do not believe that any man will ever play fine golf until he has found his own natural game—the one that is hidden in him somewhere, the one that is exactly like no other he has ever seen or heard of, and the pieces of which it may take him half a lifetime to find and put together. Three or four years ago, there were ways of standing, swinging, and holding the clubs that were taught as dogma; but it is not so now. This is an age of free thinking and free acting in golf, and every man for himself, never forgetting that ideas of every kind are useful to him.

Too Much Iron. I was led deeply into some of these reflections the other night on receiving a most interesting letter from Mr. W. E. Fairlie, who won the Royal Medal at the autumn meeting of the premier club last year—one of the chief and most coveted prizes of the amateur season. The man who can win this medal can do almost anything in amateur golf. And Mr. Fairlie was telling me without hesitation that he never was any good whatever with iron clubs, and could never get the proper distances out of them; so that now and for a long time past he has practically abandoned them, both for the long and medium game, and uses wood always until he gets to within seventy or eighty yards of the hole. Instead of a large assortment of irons, he carries many wooden clubs with different lengths of shafts, from 44½ inches—this being really very long for a driver-shaft—down to 39 inches, which is most abnormally short for a wooden club, whatever its duty may be. These clubs are lofted in different degrees, just as irons might be, and in this way Mr. Fairlie can play golf at times—as at this time—which is up to the championship standard. And yet in a minute or two I could count the names of a hundred eighteen-handicap men who would almost rather give up the game than take anything but an iron club when within a hundred and sixty yards of the hole. It does not matter so much to them that, with all their

straining and pressing, they do not "get up" with the iron that they take; what matters is that they think it does not look well, and does not flatter them, to take a brassey at such a distance. It might be safe to suggest that ninety per cent. of the iron shots played by double-figure handicap men are short. It may be true, as I pointed out some time since, that the brassey is not needed nearly so much as it used to be, and that the circumstances of the game cause one to use iron more and more; but for all that, there are many players, especially of the moderate and inferior varieties, who would do well to study more closely wooden-club play at easy distances. It is old-fashioned, but it is good and it is also very nice. Yes, it is old-fashioned. I think there is still in a locker at Wimbledon a set of clubs with never an iron one among them. They belong to the nonagenarian golfer, Lord Wemyss, one of the good old school who did not like irons and would not play with them. He invented a short brass-soled much-lofted wooden club for short approaches, which might very well serve Mr. Fairlie, and he christened it "The Unionist" because "it does not wear the green."

For Remembrance. But there is that one resolution that I said at the beginning might be worth the making. It is just to try a little harder than ever to keep the eye on the ball, and not to forget to do so. It is a harder thing to remember when one is playing well than when playing badly, and men, in their desperation and their ingenuity, sometimes resort to strange expedients in the matter. I was playing on a famous Scottish course once with a man who, as he laid his club to the ball on the teeing-ground, remarked to himself in an undertone, that was, however, clearly audible, "Bill Boggles." This happening all the way up to the sixth, I could not then help saying, "Pardon my curiosity, but do you

mind telling me who is Bill Boggles, and why you mention his name each time you go up to the ball?" "Bill Boggles, Sir, is the name of my dog!" "Excellent," I said; "I keep a dog myself and am fond of him; but what has the dog to do with your stroke?" "Nothing." "Then why do you mention him?" "Because he has nothing to do with the stroke, and there is no sense in mentioning him." "But—" "Yes, yes, I know all about it," he said, realising my difficulty; "but it is because there is no sense in it, and that Bill Boggles has nothing to do with my game, that by mention of his name I remember to keep my eye on the ball. I determined to speak his name every time I went up to the ball for the purpose of reminding me of the necessity, and since then I have never forgotten. Whoever remembered to tell himself always to keep his eye on the ball?" The great sense of this system became clear to me. Still I said, "But suppose you forgot to say 'Bill Boggles'?" "Sir," he said, "I do not forget to say 'Bill Boggles.'" It might be worth while to take unto ourselves a little mannerism of this kind for this year.



THE CADDIE (to his chum): Ain't yer glad yer come with me, Bill, 'stead of going to the pantomime?

DRAWN BY A. E. BURTON.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING

"Lest We Forget!" For some time past the Committee of the Royal Automobile Club have cast about for the best method of perpetuating the memory of the Club's late and much-lamented chairman, Prince Francis of Teck. It has, I think, very properly and fittingly been resolved that the memento should take the dual form of a portrait of the Prince, to be painted by a leading artist, and the endowment of a bed in perpetuity, in the name of the Royal Automobile Club, in the Prince Francis Ward of the Middlesex Hospital. While the regretted Prince could not but have been flattered by the first suggestion, we can rest assured that nothing would have given him greater pleasure in life than the second proposal, for his enthusiastic, arduous, and effective work in the interests of the Middlesex Hospital is still fresh in the memory of a grateful public. While the cost of the portrait is to be defrayed out of Club funds, the members of the R.A.C. will provide the necessary £1000 for the endowment of the R.A.C. bed by a subscription limited to a guinea.

Hiring Firms Liable for Personal Damage.

Those who take their motoring by the hired car will feel relieved to find that, in the event of their sustaining bodily damage by the act or negligence of the hired driver, the hiring firm can be held responsible at law. It is difficult to imagine that it should ever have been thought otherwise, seeing how railway and other transporting companies stand to be shot at in parallel cases. But in the matter under review it was sought to plead a trade custom, to the effect that owners of cars were not liable to those to whom they hired such vehicles for any personal injury that might arise through negligence on the part of the driver. Notwithstanding the fact that a number of witnesses connected with the motor-letting trade spoke as to the alleged custom, the Lord Chief Justice said there was no evidence to go to the jury as to the existence of the alleged custom, and, the jury finding in conformity, gave a verdict for three hundred pounds against the hiring company. Moreover, the Lord Chief Justice declined to grant leave to appeal. Motor-hiring firms will now have another risk against which to insure.

A Strong Combination.

That world-renowned firm of engineers, Messrs. Crossley Brothers, Ltd., of Openshaw, whose products are to be found in every corner of the workaday world, will shortly transfer so much of their business as relates to motor-cars to Crossley Motors, Ltd., of Gorton, Manchester. In order to put themselves in the best possible position for the commercial handling of their products, the last-named concern acquire a share interest in the well-known and old-established firm of Messrs. Charles Jarrott and Letts, Ltd., of 45, Great Marlborough Street, W.C.—a combination of interests which will place the manufacturing company in a particularly strong position. The profits of both manufacturing and

selling are to be available for distribution amongst the shareholders of the new company. This arrangement will also be found to redound to the best interests of purchasers of Crossley cars, for Messrs. Crossley Motors, Ltd., are not the first firm to discover that, in these days of specialisation, it is best to specialise in manufacture, and leave the distribution of their products to those who specialise in this direction. The new board will boast Mr. W. M. Letts as managing director, than whom there is no one better known in or more intimately connected with the motor trade.

Front-Wheel Brakes and Tyres.

It would be supposed to be quite a natural thing that anyone prominently connected with a car, or cars, fitted with front-wheel brakes should advance any and every sort of plea in their favour. Ever since their earliest introduction by Mr. Alan Liversidge, and a personal trial afforded me under most strenuous circumstances, I have regarded front-wheel brakes as a necessary fitting to a first-class car. To-day many leading firms think with me, and support their belief by much sound argument. The claim made for tyre economy must force attention to front-wheel brakes if nothing else does, for tyre-cost is to-day a matter paramount with the motorist. In dealing with this feature, Mr. Hubert Woods makes two particularly pertinent points. He first suggests, and obviously, that in the case of a car fitted with brakes on the back wheel only, all the braking energy has to pass through two tyres, whereas in a car fitted with front-wheel brakes as well, it is clear that the same amount of energy is absorbed by four tyres, and economy is accordingly effected. But in addition to this obvious fact, there remains another point, to which Mr. Hubert Woods is, I think, the first to draw attention.

The Reversal of Strains.

It is the question of the reversal of strains in the rubber and fabric of a cover when brakes are applied to the back wheels. The forward driving-thrust of the tyre upon the road must clearly tend to compress the rubber at the point of contact in the direction in which the car is travelling; and it is also equally obvious that when the brakes are applied, the direction of such compression is reversed. Now tyres which are subjected to this trying usage are a compound of rubber and a vegetable fabric only, so that this frequently violent reversal of stresses must, and does, have a very deleterious and injurious effect upon the tyre. Indeed, it is, as Mr. Hubert Woods suggests, nothing short of remarkable that such fabrics withstand such stresses in the way they do; and it is surely desirable to halve them by the proper fitting and use of front-wheel brakes. It would be both valuable and instructive if any motorist owning a car fitted with front-wheel brakes could give his fellows his views on this subject; for, if there is anything in the argument, cars fitted with front-wheel brakes have now been running long enough to prove it to the hilt, or otherwise.



PRESENTED FOR A RECORD FLIGHT FROM VIENNA TO HORN AND BACK: THE MEDAL GIVEN TO M. ILLNERS BY THE AUSTRIAN AERO CLUB.

Photograph by Topical.



BAD LUCK! MR. GRAHAME WHITE'S NEW BRISTOL BIPLANE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

Mr. Grahame White's recent bad luck would seem to be persistent. He had not altogether recovered from the shock of his fall when the new Bristol biplane in which he had intended to fly in an attempt to win the De Forest £4000 Channel flight prize was destroyed by fire in its tent on Swingate Downs, Dover.—(Photograph by Topical.)



PRESENTED FOR A RECORD FLIGHT FROM VIENNA TO HORN AND BACK: THE MEDAL GIVEN TO M. ILLNERS BY THE AUSTRIAN AERO CLUB.

Photograph by Topical.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Entries. As we shall soon be in possession of the spring entries, it will be possible before long to anticipate what sort of a flat-race season we shall experience in 1911. It may be taken for granted that plenty of horses will be nominated for the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Great Metropolitan, and the City and Suburban. The Grand National, too, will be a big draw this year, despite the fact that the Aintree fences are said to be stiffer than ever. Amateur riders, strange to say, like a big country to get over, and they do very well on this long and trying track. The Ascot Gold Cup entries will be scanned with a great deal of interest, especially if Lemberg and Swynford are set to fight their Doncaster battle over again. This time, I think, Mr. Fairie's horse should turn the tables, as it is generally felt that he was very unlucky to be beaten on the Town Moor. The Coronation Cup, to be run at Epsom on June 1, will be a great attraction in the Coronation year, and it may be taken for granted that owners will be keen on winning it this time. It is, as the majority of sportsmen know, run over the Derby course, which is a very fair test of a horse's merits. The Epsom Summer Meeting will be a great reunion this year, and it would not surprise me if a record attendance were chronicled. It would be a capital thing for sport if his Majesty the King were to lease a colt having an engagement in the Derby, as the crowd would delight in seeing the royal colours carried in the race. However, the King's subjects can with certainty see his Majesty's horses performing at Ascot, and it is to be hoped that some of them will be successful on the Royal Heath. I am very glad to see that the King has decided to patronise racing at the minor meetings. This is the sort of thing that racing wants. The sport was never so strong as it is just now, and it never attracted more people to the stands and rings.

Corrections. One or two owners have spoken to me about the making of entries, and I gladly champion their fight for reform in the matter. They contend that the receiver of entries should be held responsible for their being in proper form. I think so, too. Racecourse officials are well paid, and it should be part of their work to see that owners are properly protected; while it should be no part of the owners' duty to declare weights. These should be compiled by the clerk of the scales. I am sure that certain races would yield much better than they do if the conditions were so simplified that owners could tell at a glance what they were going for. Under present conditions we often see horses entered for races for which they are not qualified, and this is a nuisance to spectators and others. Simplification is the one thing that is needed to make any sport popular.

High-sounding phrases and language which is not understood by the people should have no place in the book of the racecourse manager. The poor backer, as it is, has to bandy about enough "ifs" at his own particular game, without having to wade through many more when studying the conditions of some races. Certain of the agents undertake to correct entries for their clients—a very smart idea, by-the-bye; but I contend that the onus of the thing should not rest on the shoulders of owners, but should be shifted to the clerk of the course, who has the material at hand to check all nominations as they are received. One official told me some years ago that he had netted £30,000 by acting as a clerk of the course at a certain race-meeting for ten years. I mention this fact to show that at any rate some clerks of courses get well paid sometimes, and they could afford to do a little more work for their money.

National Hunt Stewards.

It is a matter of congratulation that stewards who act under National Hunt rules have the courage of their opinion, and they do not hesitate to mete out punishment when they consider it is deserved. It is to be hoped that would-be wrong-doers will take heed and mind their manners. I have discovered that at the winter game a great many winners are backed away from the course, and that starting-price jobs very often win. Often it is possible to be told one hundred miles away from the course what horse is going to win; but the information is only obtainable a few minutes before the start takes place. However, a number of the stay-at-home bookmakers have been

so badly bitten by these jobs that they positively refuse to take more than a sovereign or two on any horse unless the money is put on half-an-hour previous to the start taking place. I remember the case of a millionaire bookmaker in the West End who once welcomed all these jobs. By the use of many telephones he was enabled to back them with brother bookies, and, so far from being a loser, he was a heavy winner when the horses backed by his 'cute customers were successful. Now the commission agents have agents in all the large towns who agree to take a fixed amount—say, £20—about any horse up to the time of the "off." What is more, they arrange that the money shall not find its way back to the course. I presume, therefore, that they must back the animals in with somebody, or they take any amounts against the other horses engaged right up to flag-

fall. It is a puzzling business, yet the bookmakers and the professional backers do very well out of it.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



IN THE RIDING-ASTRIDE HABIT DESIGNED BY HERSELF: MISS ANNA HELD.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.



A STAR ASTRIDE: MISS ANNA HELD RIDING, WITH HER DAUGHTER.

Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.

WOMAN'S WAYS

BY ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Conscientious French Parent.

Just now, when streets, theatres, and houses are all alive with thousands of happy urchins home for the holidays, it behoves us to consider if we are bringing up the future generation in quite the right way. In one respect the English parent differs enormously from the French. A brilliant and acute observer of Gallic manners, Anna Bowman Dodd, has been writing in the *Century* on "The Education of French Children," and it is quite clear that our neighbours over the Channel take their individual responsibilities far more seriously than we Anglo-Saxons are apt to do. For instance, the "lessons" of the French child are the most important thing in the household. The modern Gaul is mentally over-trained and over-stimulated, and this is largely the fault of the parents, who demand an intellectual prodigy aged eight, and who never cease the prodding process which is involved in helping the children with their lessons. This is a task which few English parents—unless they are professors or schoolmasters—ever undertake. Mentally, the young Briton must equip himself, as he would phrase it, "off his own bat." On the other hand, he will be fed and amused royally during his holidays, and I suspect the British father makes up for his educational shortcomings by prodigality with theatre stalls and cricket sets. Possibly each nation might learn something, in this respect, from the other. The French might give the child more opportunity to develop muscle and character, the English might cultivate that engaging intimacy between parents and children which is so marked a feature of French family life.

The Mannequins of the Stage.

There is no doubt that over-dressing on the stage and the setting of new fashions in new plays has become something of an artistic scandal, and one of the foremost French critics is loudly protesting against this insidious custom. I believe the original *Dame aux Camélias* played the part in white muslin, with a single flower behind her ear; nowadays, no gowns, furs, or jewels are too sumptuous to be worn by any ordinary "walking lady" in a modern comedy in Paris, New York, or London. I think Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Mrs. Kendal are the only two English actresses of the first rank who have the courage to be thoroughly dowdy if the rôle they are interpreting requires it, but this is only to say that these two artists are as sincere as they are talented. Why actresses should want to be mannequins to show off new and eccentric fashions is a curious question. Often enough, they arouse ridicule instead of tears in some scene which should wring the withers of the audience, because of some quaintly wagging

plume, or a skirt which is too tight to walk in. I have seen more than one great player spoil a scene of tremendous emotion by wearing a cartwheel hat which bobbed as she pleaded wildly with her lover. A return to simplicity and white muslin is inevitable in the interests of dramatic art.

Knighthoods for Ladies.

A persistent rumour insists on the fact that the two ladies who have been elected Mayors will be knighted during this Coronation year, precisely as their masculine compeers will receive this honour at the hands of King George. It is an engaging idea, and will probably lead to the foundation of some Order—with a title attached—which can be bestowed on eminent women, whether married, single, or widows. At present there is something anomalous in the fact that Man takes all the titles, stars, and ribands, as well as place, power, and money, and allows the women-folk to toil all their lives at inferior salaries, and with no hope even of those ornamental rewards, such as coronets and Orders, to which human nature is so persistently attached. In olden days, they were not so chary of recognising feminine services. The abbesses of great nunneries used to be "knighted," and even now I know a charming young Frenchwoman who, though unmarried, is a countess in her own right, by reason of being the Chanoinesse of a religious Order.

A Seamstress of Genius.

There have been cobblers of genius before now—indeed, the occupation of sewing tends to concentration of thought and mental activity—so we need feel no great surprise that a French seamstress awoke one morning to find herself famous in two continents. Certainly Marguerite Audoux is extraordinary, above all in the enthusiasm and admiration which she inspires in that uncompromising Realist, M. Octave Mirbeau. For if her much-talked-of novel, "*Marie-Claire*," has all the greyness, the sadness, the disillusionment of real life, it is as beautiful in its way as a tale of Turgeneff's. There are passages which make you hold your breath, and phrases which leave you "furiously thinking," but the artistry of the book is so complete that a kind of haze of beauty envelops the theme, and every word seems inevitable. Mlle. Audoux leaves her young heroine journeying to Paris alone, and with only a score of francs in her

pocket, to seek a livelihood, so possibly we may look to a sequel to this amazing book, in which a feminine counterpart of Jean Christophe will be seen struggling in the arena. Certainly the author has literary equipment enough to enable her to write the final epic—an Impressionist Epic—of the poor in great and luxurious capitals.



A DAINY EVENING GOWN—OF BLACK NINON OVER WHITE, EMBROIDERED WITH BLACK BEADS AND TRIMMED WITH RIBBON BOWS OF SCARLET, VELVET.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

In Golden Sunshine.

When these words are in print I shall be about town again, entering expectantly on the interests and excitements of Coronation year. I am now nearing the end of a most delightful holiday on the Riviera, where I have had day after day of golden sunshine. Echoes of disaster and catastrophe reaching us have dimmed our pleasures and served to keep our minds on the facts of life while we are in its fairyland. Difficult it is to realise grim disaster, relentless catastrophe, dull fog, and leaden skies, while one looks out on the blue, sunlit Mediterranean over the tops of palms and eucalyptus-trees and, lowering one's point of vision, encounters star-like beds of primuli at the base of palms up which clamber roses, ivy geraniums, and other bright and lovely flowers; while from velvet lawns spring fleurs-de-lis of tulips mingled with little purple feathery flowers, and other gracefully designed beds filled up with blossoms which we shall not see in England these many weeks. Not yet has the mimosa burst into bloom. We can see what it will be; the little balls begin to turn golden, and the perfume already indicates that it will presently pervade the place.

Villa Life.

There is no way to get all the good out of Riviera life like making home of it for several months. That being beyond my reach, I am fortunate in entering on a home life here in a villa at Cannes with the Irish name of Lisnacrieve, meaning, "fort by the leafy tree," standing high up just above Lord and Lady Brougham's beautiful Villa Eleanore. It commands perfect views of sea, mountains, and islands; its grounds, in which are orange groves, rose pergolas and mimosa walks, include those delectable things mentioned in my first paragraph; and the sun bathes it in gold the livelong day. Being home, life moves quietly in the even flow of a tideless enjoyment. To be sure, we, being visitors, feel the rush of our tide of pleasure; for we are motor-ed here, there, and everywhere in search of interest and of beauty. We have played golf on the fine links, and we have been to all the well-known places about, while in between we walk and lounge in gardens, and have through all our rush of joys the delightful element of rest.

Hotel Life.

The immortal Marchioness's advice to "make believe a great deal and it is quite nice" applies to this aspect of Riviera life. The hotels are palaces, but they are not one's own. Therefore the home-loving Briton

makes a nest in a suite of one of these superb places, and tries to believe it quite nice. All goes well while in it. Below, however, the heating is overdone, or there is no air, or there is a draught, or the blinds admit too much or too little sun; someone talks too loud or laughs too long; and what is so difficult to the Briton is that it is all beyond his control. An excellent experience for him—possibly few things have contributed more to the element of self-control developing rapidly in the rich British than the growing taste they display for hotel life abroad. They manage to get a great deal their own way.

That they cannot have it all as they wish is a saving grace for them, and the blustering, bullying Britisher will become as extinct as the Dodo!

Shops in the Sunshine.

The towns along the coast here attract to them branches of all the best-known establishments in the world. Therefore, when you walk about Nice you meet old friends from London and Paris, and new ones from Rome and Madrid. Those we know well have different windows. I love the way they show their things here: just a few of the choicest, displayed in the most effective

way, and contrasting delightfully with each other; in the hat-shops never more than three or four, and in costumiers' just one choice little costume. Jewellers, of course, make more show, and, so far as they are concerned, one or two of our great firms at home do equally well, the fine gem-work shown up on a background of dainty and delicate-hued velvet. This week the shops are very gay and bright. What we like best is, however, the flower-market; the sellers are so gay, and, oh, how they chatter!

Holiday-makers.

The Riviera positively bristles with politicians resting after their recent labours, accompanied by their wives, sunning themselves and looking out for the modes that will be those of the spring at home. It is not yet the season here, and people are passing the time quietly.

So far the fashions are far from startling. Hats are higher than ever, and come down almost as much as ever over the face, which is a pity sometimes, and a mercy others. With the perversity, however, which characterises our sex, owners of lovely eyes and sweet level brows hide them, while others whose eyes are not beautiful, and whose brows are neither white nor level, wear their hats at the backs of their heads. Short women wear immense hats, and long ones affect little toques. If "some fay

would the giftie gie us, to see oursel's as ithers see us," things would be altered for the better. As it is, there are several of each of us, and we as often dress the one we imagine ourselves to be, and leave the several others, the self we know, the self our friends know, and those other selfs that we hope our friends believe us to be, severely alone. It is human nature; the comedian wants to be a tragedian, and the jester a sentimentalist.



PRESENTED TO MR. HENRY CHARLES ALLEN BY THE BOARD OF THE BUENOS AYRES GREAT SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY; A GILT DESSERT SERVICE.

The presentation was made as a recognition of Mr. Allen's services to the Buenos Ayres Great Southern Railway Company. The service was modelled and manufactured by Messrs. Mappin and Webb (1908), Ltd., of 158-162, Oxford Street, W.; 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; and 220, Regent Street, W.



BOY SCOUTS AT "THE SKETCH" OFFICES; INTERESTED VISITORS IN THE COMPOSING-ROOM.

At the invitation of the "Illustrated London News and Sketch," a party of Boy Scouts of South-East London, numbering over eighty, under the command of Captain Boyes, paid a visit on Wednesday last to the offices of those papers in Milford Lane, Strand. They took the greatest interest in all they saw in the composing-room and other branches of the printing department. Boy Scouts, like journalists, may find a use for any sort of knowledge, and who knows in what emergency our guests may be able to turn to account what they saw here? They were afterwards entertained to tea at the Gaiety Restaurant, and roused the Strand by giving lusty cheers for "The Sketch" and the "Illustrated London News."—[Photograph by L.N.A.]

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Jan. 11.

THE Bank Return showed the usual end-of-the-year drain, with the ratio of reserve to liabilities down to 37·86 per cent., while loan money has been in great demand and discounts have been strong. This position adversely affected Consols, Irish Land stock, and such-like securities; but dividend prospects have helped Home Rails in the way we have in these columns anticipated.

The long-expected has happened to the unfortunate shareholders of Waring and Gillow. We have repeatedly advised correspondents against the purchase of the shares and debentures, and our anticipations of trouble have been amply verified. No doubt some form of reconstruction will be brought forward, but at present very little is known as to the extent of the liabilities, although there are those in the trade who anticipate that these will be heavy. It would be a thousand pities if so large and well known a business had to go under altogether, and we can hardly believe that either the creditors or the shareholders will let this happen without a serious effort to set Humpty Dumpty on his feet again.

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

With people searching with much diligence for good Home Railway investments, it is a matter for surprise that so cheap a stock as London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway 6 per cent. Preferred should be allowed to stand about 133, the return at that price being 4½ per cent., and with a dividend payable in February next. Other Preferred stocks in this market—for example, Midland, Great Northern, South-Western—are quoted at levels which give a yield of 4 to 4½ per cent. on the money, but, probably on account of the high-looking price, Brighton Preferred is relatively much cheaper. Of its security there can be little doubt: the Deferred stands but a point or two below par, and this in itself makes a very efficient buttress for the "B" stock. When the attractions of the latter come to be better realised, ten points will not stop the rise which will take place.

ON JAPANESE BONDS.

It would be as easy as it is tempting to blow the sonorous trumpet of "What did we tell you?" in regard to Japanese bonds, which have been consistently recommended here for years past. But the time appears to have arrived at which prices are on a quite high enough pedestal, and notwithstanding the excellence of the bonds for investment holding, it seems to us that money might be more profitably employed elsewhere. The thoroughly sound decision of Japan to pay a million pounds off the external debt has had a good influence upon the market, and while we acknowledge the strides made by the country's credit, we must repeat our impression that the bonds now stand fully valued.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

The Rhodesian Market had mustered in full force, but Our Stroller remarked how comparatively quiet the crowd seemed.

A dealer appeared to read the unspoken comment, for he turned round sharply and said, in a disconsolate voice—

"Not a bargain doing, you know."

"How are prices?" asked our friend.

"Steady at the moment," was the reply. "But we're all afraid to open our mouths in case we should get shares pushed down our throats."

"Aren't the public in?" The Stroller queried, in true Stock Exchange phrase.

"Only a bit, you know. It's the shop-buying that has brought about this rise; and, to be quite frank, I don't fancy anyone trusts the market very far."

"But isn't anything worth buying?"

"Of course, provided the market keeps good. You can pay your money and take your choice of Giants, London and Rhodesia, Lonely Reefs, and even Selukwe; but don't blame me if the whole market sags away, because, if it does, these shares will go with the rest of the swim."

From adjacent quarters came spirited bidding for Fanti Consols, and "West Africans again!" Our Stroller exclaimed audibly.

"And why not West Africans?" demanded a dealer, with some heat.

"West Africans are not at all a bad market, let me inform you."

"I didn't deny it," laughed our friend. "I feel quite convinced that Fanti Consols are every whit as sound a security as British Consols."

"Now you're simply talking pure piffle," retorted the other.

"I tell you that West Africans are going to come."

"Which is obviously better than coming to go," replied Our Stroller, with a politeness that added fuel to the fire of the other's wrath. Off he strode to the other side of the crowd, huffed, and muttering nothings that seemed far from soft.

"—And a very Prosperous One!"

His broker shook Our Stroller warmly by the hand and invited him to break the pledge. An air of conviviality reigned in the smoky restaurant to which the scene now shifts.

"There is a certain amount of business going on," admitted the broker. "We find people buying a few hundred pounds of Home Railway stocks, for example, as investments, of course, and there is certainly more speculation going on in mining shares—Rhodesians and West Africans, for choice."

"They tell me the Rhodesian boom's very 'shoppy,'" hazarded Our Stroller.

"True enough, in a way," agreed his broker. "The shops tell you, too, that we shall see prices much better, and, of course, we always believe what they say."

Our friend nodded implicit acquiescence.

"There's a good yarn going round," the broker continued, "about a Stock Exchange German Jew, who was virtuously insulted by a lack of faith shown in one of his statements by another man."

"I tell you it is absolutely true," the Jew had insisted. "I gif you my zolemn vord of honour that it is really zo. And venever I gif you my zolemn vord of honour you can nearly always belief me."

Our Stroller laughed, and said it made a capital story.

"Here, let's get out of this," said the broker. "It's getting more than I can stand."

"You haven't offered to stand anything yet," was the slightly pointed suggestion.

"No; and I'm not going to to-night," laughed the broker. "Perhaps you haven't got a home to go to, but I have," with which ancient quip he paid his bill, and, linking Our Stroller's arm in his, departed into the night. "Just let me go and have a look at Yankees," he said.

"I'll come, too; wait a moment," and off went the pair down the street.

At the entrance to Shorter's Court stood hardly a single sentinel. The Rhodesian Market perhaps absorbed all attention; anyway, there was not a stroke going on.

"I'm off," said The Broker with disgust. "Coming?"

"In a minute," was the reply; "I'll follow you. Don't wait for me if you want to get on with your letters."

A solitary voice higher up the Court bid for Canadas, and Our Stroller sauntered along.

"Just started to bid for Canadas, Sir," a dealer told him. "Can I persuade you to have a dash for the New Year?"

"What are they going to?" asked our friend.

"Once they get well over 200 again you'll see them up by dollars in no time," was the confident reply. "People are getting over the last dividend disappointment, and Canadas are bound to go to 210."

"They'd be that now if they weren't so swayed by the Yankee Market," was another man's comment.

"And Wall Street means to have all its shares better," declared a well-known operator. "Look at the earnings, for instance, of the Union Pacific and the Southern Pacific. Both Companies are distributing just about half as much as they're making, and with a prospective rod in pickle like that for the bears, do you mean to tell me there's no rise coming in Yankees?"

Again the solitary voice bid for Canadas.

The operator stepped into the market. "Sell you two hundred," he replied. "Make it five?"

But the buyer booked the bargain, closed his book with a snap, and bade everyone "Good-night and Go Home!"

Saturday, Dec. 31, 1910.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

W.P.—Much obliged for your letter. We shall always be glad to hear from you and to receive your suggestions.

ERIN-GO-BRAGH.—Our opinion is that the Tea rise has gone far enough, but see what "Q" wrote in our last Issue, and the Companies he mentioned. Moabund, Eastern Assam, or Jetinga shares we also suggest, if you will go in on the rise.

LAHORE.—Municipal Trust 4½ per cent. "C" Debentures at 93 will suit you, and should prove a steady 4½ per cent. investment, causing no anxiety; or Queensland Investment Company 4½ per cent. Debentures, yielding 4½ per cent.

S.W.P.—We do not see much hope for the Breweries with a prospect of perhaps further temperance legislation, while the Debentures as to which you enquire are about hopeless. Most inscribed stock is transferred in the way you mention. We suggest Delhi Umballa Railway 4 per cent. Debenture stock at par, Scottish Investment Trust 4 per cent. Debenture stock at about 98, or either of the securities mentioned above to "Lahore."

W.P.M.—We regret we know nothing of the Company. Why not communicate with one of the big firms of mining engineers, such as Bewick Moring and Co., or John Taylor and Son?

FIELD OFFICER.—(1) We will inquire as to the Engine shares. (2) You can transfer the policy to your wife, and if you live two years there will be no duty to pay. (3) See our Notes.

G. W.—Building societies are of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. Shares in the first kind are all right. How much money have you to put out?

C. K. P.—We do not think you can get 5 per cent. Alberta Railway 5 per cent. Debentures or Western of Canada Land Debenture stock would nearly do it.

RUDGE-WHITWORTH, LTD.—Debenture interest warrants for the half-year ended Dec. 31, 1910, were posted to the Debenture-holders of this Company on Dec. 31.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Gatwick, Misere may win the Reigate Hurdle, Michet the Purley Steeplechase, Robin the Crawley Steeplechase, Cosy the Moderate Hurdle, Flaxen the Grange Steeplechase, Carntoi the Maiden Hurdle, and Adriatic the Manor Steeplechase. At Plumptre I like these: Streat Hurdle, Fun; Southern Steeplechase, Yonder; Hopeful Hurdle, Nero; Ringmer Steeplechase, Garrow Hill; Moderate Hurdle, Koul. At Haydock, Abelard may win the Warrington Hurdle, Jacobus the Ashton Hurdle, The Duffrey the Gerard Steeplechase, Faithless Lad the January Steeplechase, and Fredith the Earlstown Hurdle Race.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"The Peer's Progress."

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.
(John Murray.)

Mr. Storer Clouston has hit on a most entertaining device for the amusement of his delighted readers. If he also hits "both frequent and free" "a certain modern author (whose notorious modesty unfortunately precludes the mention of his name)," Mr. Shaw will be the last to resent a single blow, well knowing that advertisement must be paid for. A boy who displayed distinctive character from infancy was born to humble parents in a Cinque Port town. Of such distinction was he from his subsequent brothers that, coupled with Mr. Grimes' possession of a sufficient sum of money for starting business, young Grimes was accredited with an exalted heredity. When other infants shot a coloured marble across the pavement, he pronounced the sport absurd, and the missile inharmoniously decorated. Nor did he lack humble if embarrassed followers until he dubbed the circus bad art. The local auctioneer himself praised his assurance, which nothing but the uniform affection of his family could ever shake. His proud but misguided mother openly asserting that his bark was worse than his bite, and seeing as he did that to become great like the revered thinker (Shavius) whose works were the mental food of his infancy, he must leave home, he chose to be an artist and to work in the highest material—man. As Buttons in a gentleman's household he established his studio, detached by a flight of stairs from his material, dispassionately surveying and dexterously influencing it. His great destiny led him to Lord Fotheringay. Already fame had placed to his credit the valuable services rendered with the Duke of Derwent. Grimes admitted to finding him practically an imbecile, to shaving and teaching him to spell, and to leaving him practically an imbecile—but "palmed off as a literary critic, an obvious enough idea." And Lord Fotheringay, a bundle of lovable potentialities, is to be turned out something *chic* and arresting and compelling, something, in short, incredible and Shavian. Grimes is to drag him matrimonially from the bourgeois paths of romance and set his feet toward the "higher type of perambulators, as it were," towards the artificial selection consummated in an electric-lighted Eden, with him, Grimes, as "a sort of high-souled, up-to-date serpent." The dazzling success which accompanies the Shavian philosophy through several stages, and its final overthrow by the vulgar *démodé* heart, is Mr. Clouston's diverting theme. Anne not only becomes Nancy in his hands, she is once more the tender, dignified young woman she had always lured us into thinking her, before she met that philosopher who kindly "expounded her motives to duped society." But in the end, as in the beginning, it is his mother (embarrassing relation) who fatally reads him. It is Pantomime of the best when Mr. Clouston, dressed as the widow, remarks to dearly loved eldest son: "It's your brain as makes you say them silly things, dearie. Your 'ead gets sort of swelled up like with thinking and reading, and then out you comes pop with remarks as you'll be sorry to think on some day. Pop you was and Pop you is, 'asty and excited when them notions gets buzzin' in your brains, and not caring whether you talks sense or rubbish." Nothing better has been done since "The Green Carnation."

"The Broken Commandment."

By LADY ANGELA FORBES.
(Eveleigh Nash.)

"The conventional view again, Sir, I'm afraid. History has been entirely renovated since your day. Most surprising changes, I assure you. One really can't tell Nelson from Nero, looked at as I see them." These words from Mr. Clouston's book indicate the attitude of Lady Angela Forbes, the novelist, towards the conventional moralities. She would appear to belong to a school of thought which inscribes the proud motto across its walls "Nothing is unclean." To them *tout comprendre* is not *tout pardonner*, but *tout justifier*. The heroine of "The Broken Commandment" marries very young, a young and

ardent husband. Details of their married life are to hand in the manner with which lady novelists have familiarised us. Lady Peggy never loves her husband in a wisely sense, is dormant to that sense, indeed; and they do not "get on." Later, when financial ruin reduces them to a beggarly £700 a year, she meets certain advances made by a newspaper king (of a familiar type in fiction) and becomes his mistress to secure her husband a salary of £2000 a year and easy treatment. Incidentally, she changes their stuffy flat for a tasteful house, and a colourless existence for political and social power. But the step has been taken at her husband's request, and Beauty still sleeps for want of a Prince. When her husband and lover go to the States on business Lady Peggy begins to enjoy herself. The Prince appears at Ascot—a married man, alas! but this is only a complication. Lady Peggy's husband returns to get a full confession poured at his feet. He is adorably tactful and considerate. On the last page the Prince is given his congé, and in the last paragraph the Prince's baby is born to its fondly expectant mother, awake at last. Lady Peggy has red hair.

"The Siege of the Seven Sutors."

By MEREDITH NICHOLSON.
(Constable.)

This is another of those whimsical studies in pure farce which America does so well. It should be taken, like all farce, when one is well fed and content. The seven suitors dance fantastically to the whims of a perfectly delightful old lady who has evidently only escaped the attention of the lunacy commissioners by the connivance of a grateful world. Her belief in the number seven and her youthful ardour for events and romance create perpetual fun. Her nieces, whose destiny she controls, must be married only in succession, and the first is under the necessity of accepting the tenderer of her seventh proposal. Such an adventure, with a tea-shop, a buried chest, and two charming girls thrown in, to say nothing of the sparkling gaiety with which a hundred topics are discussed, make a really amusing book.

In the version of "Cinderella" at the Coronet; Mr. Robert Arthur provides an abundance of fun and fancy, pretty music, and graceful dances, without attempting elaborate ballets or colossal transformation scenes. His setting of the most popular of nursery stories is, as is fitting, a judicious blend of fantasy and humour. Miss Gladys Soman, as the Prince, charms everyone by her beautiful voice and delightful songs. Cinderella herself is daintily impersonated by Miss Margaret Macdonald, and Miss Rosie Begarnie, as Dandini, infects the audience with her high spirits. Messrs. Fred Anderson and Tom Birchmore are very funny as the Ugly Sisters, with their hobble skirts and enormous hats. The antics of Mr. Eric Farr as Cinderella's sporting father, and of Mr. Erne Chester and Mr. W. F. Doust as the broker's men, are likewise provocative of much laughter. Nor must we forget to mention the "Eight Sunrises," a charming troupe of dancing girls, who flash about the stage in a manner quite worthy of their name.

Lady golfers will be getting into training immediately for a great Ladies' Coronation Golf Competition, for which three cups, each of the value of £30, are to be presented by the *Lady's Pictorial*. It is to be held under the rules and management of the Ladies' Golf Union, and the final tournament will take place on a course near London in June. Qualifying score competitions will be held in eight divisions of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and six players from each division will be selected for the Match Play Tournament—namely, those who make the two best scratch scores, the two best scores from scratch to twelve, and the two best scores from thirteen to twenty-five. The match tournament will be divided into the same three classes. The winner of each will receive a cup, and the runner-up a small replica. Memento medals will be presented by the *Lady's Pictorial* to all who qualify for the final stages. Further particulars of the competition will be published by that paper during this month.

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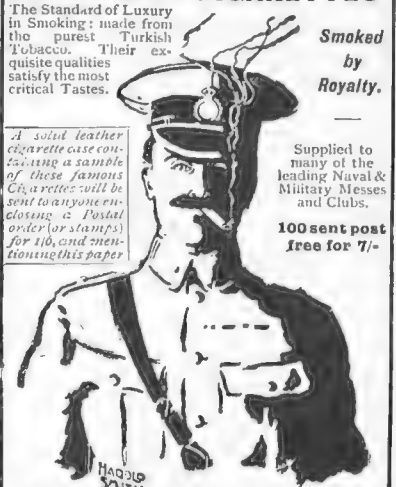
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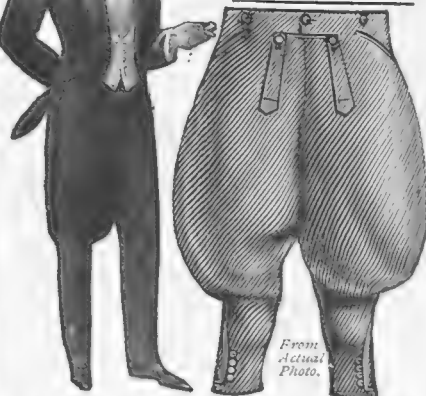
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"Better made in every detail," is the verdict given by all competent and unbiased critics when comparing Connolly Tyres with other makes. Connolly Tyres owe something of their superiority to the skilful care exercised at every stage of their manufacture, something to the super-excellence of the rubber used, and something to the Patents under which they are produced. If you wish your vehicle to look its best and run its best; if you appreciate style and comfort, then specify Connolly Tyres and see that no other make is substituted.

BOOKLET No. 18, POST FREE FROM
J. W. & T. CONNOLLY, Ltd.,
KING'S CROSS, LONDON, N.
Leeds, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Bristol, Cardiff.

WHITE SALE

There are still splendid bargains to be found in the Stock of Femina Ltd which we offered during the first week of our Sale.

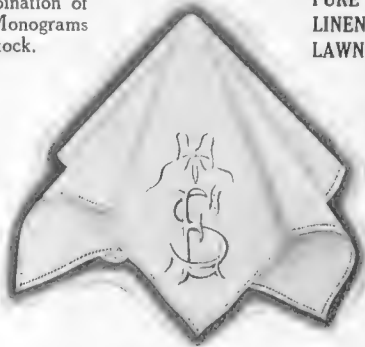
Please note that our famous lines of 2-letter Monogram Handkerchiefs have also been reduced. Here are two examples at bargain prices:

PURE
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Any Combination of
2-letter Monograms
in Stock.

PURE
LINEN
LAWN



With 2-letter Monograms. Ladies', 12 in. size, 7/6 doz. Gentlemen's, 19 in. size, 15/- dozen. Sale prices.

Fine Linen Lawn, Hand Hemstitched, Embroidered Monograms, 12 in. size, 15/11 dozen. Sale price.

The White House
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THE QUEEN of CRÈME DE MENTHE PIPPERMINT GET FRÈRES

A high-class tonic and digestive liqueur
Sold by Wine Merchants and Stores.
Free Sample sent upon receipt of three penny stamps.
SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND BRITISH COLONIES:
B. LAURIEZ & C°, 6, Fenchurch Buildings, LONDON, E. C.

(MAPPIN BROS. INCORPORATED.)
Mappin & Webb
 (1908) LTD.

Presentation Silver Plate

in
"Prince's Plate"
 and
Sterling Silver

*Finest Stocks
 of
 Presentation
 Plate
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*Special
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 to
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	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
Coffee-Pot, 1½ pints,	£4 0 0	£8 0 0
Tea-Pot, 1½ "	3 5 0	7 5 0
Sugar-Basin ...	2 10 0	3 15 0
Cream-Jug ...	2 5 0	2 15 0
Set, complete,	£12 0 0	£21 15 0

	The "Chippendale" Service.
Tea-Urn, 1 quart.	
Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
£10 15 0	£20 0 0
Tea-Tray, 24 inches.	
Prince's Plate,	£13 15 0
Kettle and Stand, 2 pints, with improved lamp.	
Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
£7 0 0	£16 0 0

	Prince's Plate.	Sterling Silver.
Coffee-Pot, 1 pint,	£3 12 6	£6 15 0
Tea-Pot, 1 "	2 17 6	5 10 0
Sugar-Basin ...	1 15 0	2 10 0
Cream-Jug ...	1 12 6	2 5 0
Set, complete,	£9 17 6	£17 0 0

2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C. (Opposite the Mansion House.)
 Sheffield: Royal Works.
 MANCHESTER. NICE. BIARRITZ.

220, Regent Street, W. 158, Oxford Street, W.
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Important to Young Mothers.

Every mother is aware of the difficulty of administering to children the old-fashioned aperients such as castor oil, black draught and various infusions. These antiquated domestic remedies have an unpleasant and in many cases nauseating taste and often more harm than good results from their use. Experienced mothers, however, have found that the preparation "PURGEN" (especially the "INFANT PURGEN" in pink tablets) supersedes all these old medicines and possesses remarkable advantages over the latter, viz.:-

- (1.) PURGEN has a pleasing and tempting appearance which has made it popular with both children and adults.
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The "Adult" and "Strong" grades of PURGEN are nowadays an indispensable remedy for grown-up persons, more especially for ladies during confinement, as they are pleasant to take and never cause nausea or discomfort under any circumstances.

Children, therefore, need no longer be tormented with castor oil, or adults with Epsom salts and such like drugs so horrible in taste.

PURGEN can be obtained from leading chemists and stores, or Sample and Booklet will be sent, post free, on application to

H. & T. KIRBY & Co., Ltd.,

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The
**Ideal
 Aperient**

PURGEN



WINTER, notwithstanding its trying moods, has a charm all its own which many motorists would thoroughly enjoy were it not for the state of the roads. Tyre troubles, and the fear of tyre troubles, are—like the poor—always with some people. For them the pleasures of motoring are confined to sunny days and fine roads. Yet it is noticeable that bad roads, whether in town or country, at no season of the year ever worry those motorists whose cars are shod with Dunlop tyres. It suggests that long experience has shown the futility of blaming the roads, which we cannot improve, and that the wisest course is to turn attention to tyre efficiency and durability. It is significant, therefore, that such an enormous majority of experienced British motorists use British-made Dunlops on their cars. For twenty-two years Dunlop tyres have held the field against all comers of all nations, notwithstanding this country being the happy dumping-ground for foreign surplus. Only sheer merit and sound value could have achieved such a record. From every point of view it is recognised that Dunlop tyres are unequalled for securing the utmost safety and satisfaction.

The Dunlop Security Bolt Protectors save their cost in a single wet journey. Their simplicity and effectiveness will instantly convince one of their indispensability. Make a point of seeing them.

The Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Co., Ltd., Aston, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.

Daimler

MOTOR CARRIAGES

for

HIRE

The best equipped fleet of cars for Hire in London.

MODERATE CHARGES.

The Daimler Motor Co. (1904) Ltd.

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TELEPHONE: 10223 CENTRAL.

TELEGRAMS: "DAIMLERDOM."

DOBSON & SONS

200, Piccadilly, London, W.

(Opposite the Piccadilly Hotel.)

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SILVERSMITHS.

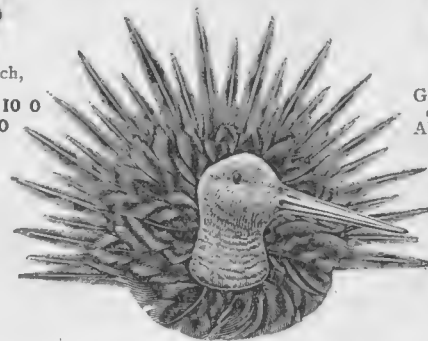
All Models are in Solid Gold.



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three sizes.
£2 2 0 £2 5 0 £3 10 0
All Diamonds, £20



Gold Pomeranian Brooch
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SENT ON
APPROVAL
AT
OUR RISK
AND
EXPENSE.

WRITE
FOR
ILLUSTRATED
CATALOGUE
POST
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Gold Irish Terrier Safety,
£1 12 0
All Diamonds, £6



Gold Fighting
Cock Pin. £1 7 6
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**FINEST AND LARGEST
STOCK OF MODELS IN LONDON.**



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Brooch, £3 5 0
All Diamonds, £20 0 0



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£2 10 0
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"It shows how very careful a study your artist must have made when he visited my kennels. So much now-a-days is often sacrificed for effect that it is a pleasure to find a firm who make the study of the anatomy of their subject their first consideration—hence, I am sure, the success you have attained."



TRY IT IN YOUR BATH



BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. THE KING.

SCRUBB'S AMMONIA

MARVELLOUS PREPARATION

Refreshing as a Turkish Bath.
Invaluable for Toilet Purposes.
Splendid Cleansing Preparation for the Hair.
Removes Stains and Grease Spots from Clothing.
Allays the Irritation caused by Mosquito Bites.
Restores the Colour to Carpets.
Cleans Plate and Jewellery.
Softens Hard Water.

Price 1s. per Bottle.

Of all Grocers, Chemists, &c.

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LAGAVULIN
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Ask specially for



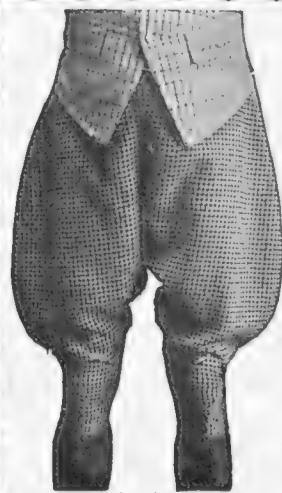
By Appointment
to H.M. King George V.

WHITE HORSE WHISKY

GREAT AGE & BOUQUET.

HEART TONIC, DIGESTIVE AND NON-GOUTY.

UNLESS ASKED FOR YOU WILL NOT GET IT.



From a Photograph.
Legging makers of every description.

ORIGINATORS & SOLE MAKERS

SPLIT-FALL
OR
FLY FRONT.

21/-

BUTTON
OR LACED
KNEES.

SEMI-RIDING KNICKERS

Cut on the same lines as **Riding Breeches**—full on the Thigh—free from drag—very clean at the knee—they will be found specially suitable for **Walking, Golfing, Fishing, Shooting, Riding, &c.**

MATERIALS—Real Harris and Lewis Tweeds, Cottage Mayo and Irish Homespun, Donegal and Kenmare Tweeds, Shepherd's Checks, &c., &c.

FOR COLONIAL WEAR—We recommend our celebrated **Triple-Yarn-Proofed Washing Garbette**: guaranteed thoroughly thorn-resisting and waterproofed.

A PERFECT FIT guaranteed by using our Simple Self-Measurement Form.

100 PATTERNS POST FREE on application.

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"Chaps," Cold-Sores, Chilblains,
Eczema, Rashes & Spots -



THE skin breaks out in cold-sores, blotches, and chaps in winter when it is not sound enough to resist the rigour of the weather. Therefore at this season it is more necessary than ever to keep ZAM-BUK handy. Just that needful strength and flexibility are restored to the skin by rubbing the hands, neck and face over with that pure and most soothing of balms. ZAM-BUK is prepared from a unique combination of rich herbal juices which the pores of the skin greedily absorb, and which quickly heal up all sores and cracks by growing new, healthy tissue. Thus eczema, ulcers, and blood-poisoning—perils that lurk in the skin in winter—are nipped in the bud, and the hands and face secured from blemish of every sort. ZAM-BUK is Nature's ideal skin cure.

Banished by

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Light, Elegant, Durable,
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Fairy Eyeglasses are a deliberate revelation to those accustomed to old-style pince-nez. Fairy Eyeglasses correct the sight, dignify the expression, enhance the natural beauty and lustre of the eyes.

'FAIRY' INVISIBLE
REGD. **EYEGLASSES**

Send for 'Fairy' Book and details of seven-day Free test.

The 'Fairy' method of adjustment is the only one, affording absolute satisfaction. Genuine 'Fairy' Glasses have 'Fairy' stamped beneath the bridge. Refuse imitations.

Obtainable of all high-class Opticians.

Why not have your present spectacles or folders converted into 'FAIRY' Glasses? Send them along and we will estimate the cost.

DOLLOND & CO., Ltd., The Royal Opticians,
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USE
POMEROY
SKIN FOOD

For the lasting good of the complexion.
1/6 a Jar from Chemists, Stores, etc.

THE COMPLEXION — IN — WINTER

When the air is Crisp and Biting;
when it causes Redness and Rough-
ness of the Skin, Chaps, or Chil-
blains, Ladies should use

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

which is most Soothing and Healing
to the Skin, removes all cutaneous
defects, renders harsh and rough
Skin beautifully Soft and Smooth,
and imparts a matchless beauty to
the complexion, which it will keep in
perfect condition all the year round.
Sold in 2 sizes by Stores, Chemists, and
ROWLANDS, 67, Hatton Garden, LONDON.

EVANS' FOR YOUR ANTISEPTIC THROAT & VOICE. PASTILLES



These world-famous
Throat Pastilles are
without an equal in
imparting a silvery
clearness and tone
to the voice.
Prepared to a for-
mula of the Liverpool
Throat Hospital, they have
a most beneficial effect on
the delicate throat mem-
branes, soothing and re-
lieving all soreness due to
overstrain.
Sold by all Stores, &c.,
at 1/- and 4/6 per box.
Refuse Imitations. All
Genuine Pastilles bear a
bar mark.
Send rd. stamp (to cover
postage) for sample box to
Evans Sons Lescher
& Webb, Ltd., L'pool.

The Lancet describes it as
"Mr. Benger's admirable
preparation."

BENGER'S

for Infants,
Invalids, and the Aged.

Benger's Food can be enjoyed and
assimilated when other foods disagree. It forms a
delicate and highly nutritive cream, rich in all the
elements necessary to maintain vigorous health, but
entirely free from rough and indigestible particles,
which often produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by chemists, etc., everywhere.

C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd. CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE
MEDALS.



These
series of
Pens neither
scratch nor spurt.
They glide over the
roughest paper with the
ease of a soft lead pencil.

Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d.,
to be obtained from all Stationers.

If out of stock send 7 stamps to the
Works, BIRMINGHAM. Attention is also
drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.



Tecla's Reconstructed Gems

THE TECLA COMPANY

Have only one establish-
ment in London, one
in Paris, one in Nice,
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Their products are sold
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FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE SKIN



**CRÈME
SIMON**

is
UNEQUALLED

FOR THE BEAUTY OF THE COMPLEXION

Of all
Chemists, Hairdressers,
Perfumers and Stores.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER

PREVENTS the Hair from falling off.
RESTORES Grey or White Hair to its
ORIGINAL COLOUR.

IS NOT A DYE.

Of all Chemists and Hairdressers,
Price 3s. 6d. per Large Bottle.

Prepared only by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., LTD.
33, FARRINGTON ROAD, LONDON, E.C.



Lemco

BOUILLON SPOONS

Free to Users of Lemco

Users of Lemco always get the most highly concentrated form of prime beef which the world can provide, and an invaluable help in kitchen, sick-room, and nursery alike, but now they may also get, free of cost, these beautiful Lemco Bouillon Spoons, delightful reminders of the value of Lemco in making delicious soups and gravies.

Lemco Bouillon Spoons are specially made in Standard Silver Plate by Elkington & Co., 22, Regent Street, S.W., and 73, Cheapside, E.C., and are guaranteed to stand twenty years of ordinary wear. Such is their distinctiveness and quality that they will add elegance to the most refined tables in the land.

In Kitchen

With Lemco at hand the home cook can impart an appetising touch to scores of simple dishes, and make gravies, soups, stews, and hashes doubly delicious. For True Economy Lemco easily stands supreme.

In Sickroom

The absolute purity of Lemco (vouched for by scientific experts) is of the utmost value to invalids, and the entire absence of fat makes Lemco Bouillon acceptable and digestible even when beef tea disagrees.

In Nursery

A daily glass of Lemco and hot milk, especially during cold and inclement weather ($\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoonful of Lemco to $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of hot milk) often works wonders with ailing, delicate children—the children enjoy it, too.

HOW TO GET LEMCO BOUILLON SPOONS FREE

1 spoon for coupons representing 16 ozs. Lemco and 1d. in stamps to cover packing & postage.
2 spoons " " " 2 lbs. " 2d. " " "
3 " " " 3 " " 2d. " " "
4 " " " 4 " " 3d. " " "
5 " " " 5 " " 3d. " " "

The Set of Six Spoons for Coupons representing 6 lbs. Lemco, and 4d. in stamps to cover packing and postage. This offer is open till Oct. 31, 1911. Lemco Weight Coupons will be found immediately under the capsule of each jar.

LEMCO, 4, LLOYD'S AVENUE, LONDON, E.C.



Actual Case measures 12 by 8 by $1\frac{1}{2}$ in.

MARASCHINO VLAHOV




By our special method of treatment and preservation our fat-famed Maraschino gets the full flavour of the marasca.

Of all Wine Merchants & Stores.
4/- per bottle; 2/2 per half-bottle.
SAMPLE FREE ON RECEIPT OF VISITING CARD.

Sole Agents:
TURNER BROTHERS,
41, Great Tower Street, London, E.C.

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SALE

ON ..
January 2.

Our Corset and Ceinture Gainé, Special for Reduction, are our own creation, and can only be obtained through us.

MODELS
— FROM —
21/6

The reputation of our Corsets is world-wide.

They never lose their shape, and without doubt can defy competition.

Ladies will have an opportunity during the Sale of judging for themselves.

SOUH & Co., 193, Regent Street, W.

Telephone, 4229 City.



By Appointment to
H.M. the King, and to
the Royal Danish and
Imperial Russian Courts.

HEERING'S

COPENHAGEN

CHERRY BRANDY

Have you tried it with
the Cheese course?

*A Laxative and Refreshing
Fruit Lozenge,
most agreeable to take*

FOR

CONSTIPATION


Hæmorrhoids, Bile, Headache,
Loss of Appetite,
Gastric and Intestinal Troubles

TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

67, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD
(Corner of Castle Street), LONDON, S.E.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS, 2/6 A BOX.

HOVENDEN'S "EASY" HAIR CURLER


WILL NOT ENTANGLE OR BREAK THE HAIR.



FAITHFUL COPY OF LABEL

ARE EFFECTIVE,
AND REQUIRE NO SKILL
TO USE.


For Very Bold Curls



FAITHFUL COPY OF LABEL


"IMPERIAL"
CURLERS.

12 CURLERS IN BOX.
Post Free for 5 Stamps.




FAITHFUL COPY OF LABEL

BEWARE OF SPURIOUS
IMITATIONS.
The GENUINE
has our
TRADE MARK
on right hand
corner of
label, thus:



FAITHFUL COPY OF LABEL



Wholesale only, R. HOVENDEN & SONS, Ltd.,
BARNES STREET, W. & CITY ROAD, E.C.4,
LONDON.



There is quality

IN
"BLACK & WHITE"

Proprietors, - James Buchanan & Co Ltd., Scotch Whisky Distillers.

SPY WHERE YOU WILL

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Illustrated Weekly Newspaper

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THE FIRST; AND STILL THE FIRST.

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THE

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Sixpence Weekly.

GENERAL NOTES.

"WHITAKER'S ALMANACK," the ever indispensable, is, in its new edition for 1911, even more useful and interesting than usual, on account of the many changes which have been caused in the official world by the accession of a new King. The chief events of King Edward's reign are given in a chronological summary, invaluable for purposes of reference. Different methods of tabulation have been adopted in parts of the Almanack, and it contains also several new features, such as comprehensive tables of the monetary units of the world, and of the weights and measures used in the chief countries. An account of the Union of South Africa finds a place for the first time among the Dominions of the Empire. Particularly interesting in the present state of politics are the articles on taxation in various countries, and on the naval programmes of the Great Powers. "Whitaker's Almanack" having had to go to press before the General Election, in order to be published simultaneously in all parts of Europe, will give the results in a supplement.

Other extremely useful works of reference published by the same firm are "Whitaker's Peerage," the 1911 edition of which has now appeared, and "The Green Book of London Society." The "Peerage" comes out under a new editor, who pays a tribute to the work of his predecessor, the late Mr. Alfred Watts. The Introduction contains a full account of King Edward's Coronation, which will be specially useful in view of this year's ceremony. The book is very conveniently arranged, and includes, among other useful features, an index to seats and residences, a historical list of royal marriage alliances, a glossary explaining the functions of various officials, and instructions as to addressing persons of title.

"The Green Book of London Society" was the first annual book of reference published in the new reign. Its main features are an alphabetical Directory of British Titles, which enables one to verify at a glance who any titled person is, and a Directory of Peers and Peeresses and Official Personages. Besides these two lists, which occupy the bulk of the book, there are lists of celebrities in the various branches of art, literature, science, and sport, and much other useful information about modern social life.

For those seeking a pretty yet serviceable handkerchief at a reasonable price we can cordially recommend the dainty and durable "Silkilon" handkerchiefs, made by Hanna and Co., of Belfast. These are so filmy and soft that it is difficult to realise that they are not expensive luxuries. "Silkilon" handkerchiefs are made in many patterns, from quite plain to fully embroidered, and for both ladies

and gentlemen's use. Messrs. Hanna only sell direct. It is worth while to write to them at Bedford Street, Belfast, for a sample handkerchief and price-list.

Hostesses in search of flowers for table decoration, or other purposes, should pay a visit to the Floral Depot, Ltd., of 47, Baker Street, N.W. Their handsome display of flowers is always carried out in good taste by the Managing Director, Mr. P. Anthos, F.R.H.S.

Messrs. Brinsmead and Sons, Ltd., say that their pianos should last a lifetime, and as evidence they quote a letter received from a gentleman who has just purchased a second-hand Brinsmead. He writes that he is "more than delighted with my purchase," which is "in excellent preservation and tone—in fact, better than half the new ones made nowadays." The piano was manufactured nearly fifty years ago, and there is no evidence that it has had exceptional care. But the makers insist on the value of constant attention and regular tuning, as a means of preserving tone and touch.

No lingerie house in the West End of London has come to the front more rapidly than The White House, of 51, New Bond Street. The beauty and delicacy of their French lingerie is appreciated by all women who desire the best quality at a moderate price. The firm has in stock linen handkerchiefs with every possible combination of monogram. But the great "coup" of The White House was the recent capture of the entire stock of Messrs. Femina, Ltd., which they are offering in their sale at a reduction of from sixty to eighty-five per cent.—a rare chance for the bargain-hunter.

It is worth noting that the following firms have received the honour of a royal warrant of appointment to his Majesty the King—
John Brinsmead and Sons, Ltd., Wigmore Street.—Piano Manufacturers.
James Buchanan and Co., Ltd.—Scotch Whisky Distillers.
J. and J. Colman, Ltd.—Purveyors of Starch and Mustard.
Elkington and Co., Ltd.—Goldsmiths, Silversmiths, and Bronze Manufacturers.
The Manufacturers of Erasmic Soap.—Soapmakers.
The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., 112, Regent Street—Jewellers and Silversmiths.
Hedges and Butler, Regent Street.—Wine Merchants.
Howard and Sons, Ltd., 25-27, Berners Street, W.—Upholsterers.
Huntley and Palmer, Reading.—Biscuit-makers.
Idris and Co.—Purveyors of Mineral Water.
John Knight, Ltd.—Soapmakers.
Lever Brothers, Ltd.—Soapmakers.
Mackie and Co., Lagavulin Distillery, Islay—Purveyors of "White Horse" Whisky.
McVitie and Price, Edinburgh and London.—Biscuit Manufacturers.
Robinson and Cleaver, Belfast, London, and Liverpool.—Linen Manufacturers.
Ronuk, Ltd.—Sanitary Polish Manufacturers.
The Vinolia Co., Ltd.—Soap Manufacturers.
Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street.—Upholsterers and Decorators.

THE FAMOUS



"Mab" Dwarf Razor

The description given of the little "Mab" as the finest shaving implement in the world is confirmed in thousands of testimonials.

Black Handle 2/6
Ivory " 3/6

The "MAB" Safety Razor, with extra blade, Price 3/6.

Safety razors with a number of inferior blades are of little value, but perfection is attained when fitted with the famous "Mab" hollow-ground blades.

"MAB" CO., Newhall Street, Birmingham.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

FOR COUGHS & COLDS. FOR THROAT AFFECTIONS. FOR BRONCHITIS. FOR CATARRH. FOR ASTHMA. ETC.

1/12 per box Sold everywhere 1/12 per box

Keep the blood pure and the health of the system will follow.—"Health."

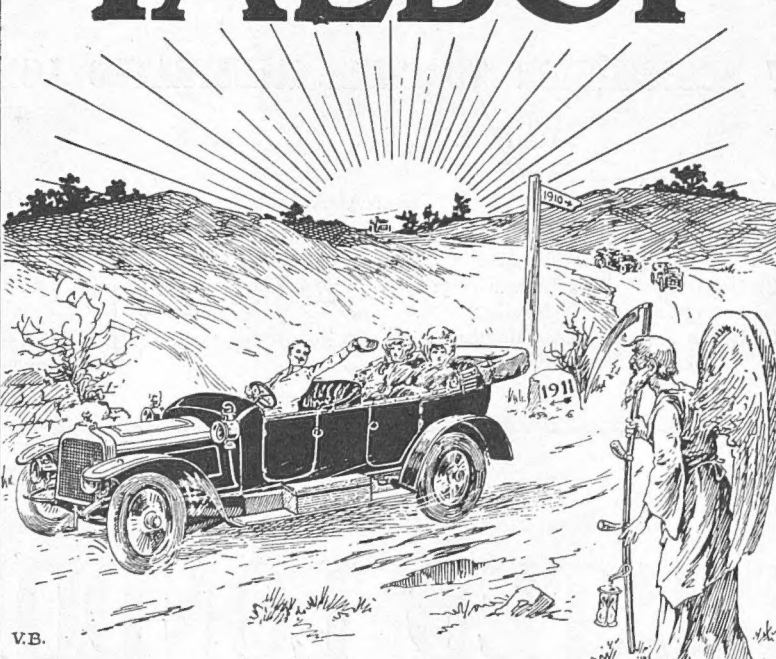
SUFFERERS from any disease due to impurities in the blood, such as Eczema, Scrofula, Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Boils, Pimples, Sores and Eruptions of all kinds, Pneumatism, Gout, etc., should at once test the value of

Clarke's Blood Mixture

There is no other medicine that purifies the blood so thoroughly, and that is why, in thousands of cases, it has effected truly remarkable cures where all other treatments have failed.

Of all Chemists, &c., per bottle, 2/6.

INVINCIBLE TALBOT



V.B.

ALWAYS AHEAD OF TIME.

Write for Catalogue and Specifications.

CLEMENT TALBOT LTD.,
Barlby Road, Ladbroke Grove, North Kensington, London, W.
Telephone: 5006 Paddington (4 lines). Telegrams: "Clemtal, London."



'ABINGDON CORD SQUARES.' THE STRONGEST CARPETS FOR HARD WEAR.

(20 sizes in stock.) Being reversible, they Outwear two Ordinary Carpets.

They are the only Carpets which answer to modern requirements, being Hygienic, Decorative, Durable, and Inexpensive. Easy to Sweep. Do not Collect Dust. Send for patterns.

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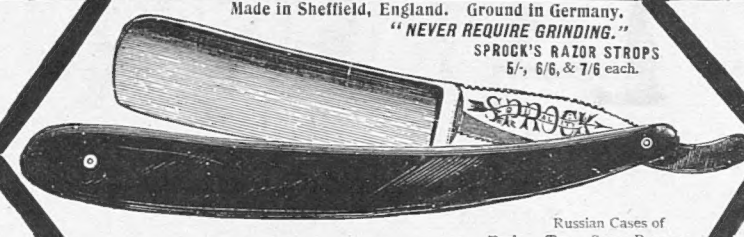
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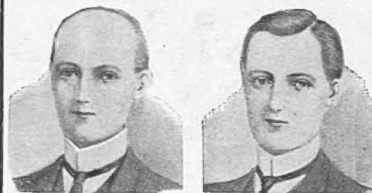


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